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P V B L I I .
OVIDII NASONIS
 DE ARTE AMANDI:

O R ,

The Art of Loue.

The Proheme or Introduction.

If there be any in this multitude,
 That in the art of Loue is dull and rude,
 Me let him reade, and these my lines reharse,
 He shall be made a Doctor by any verse.
 By art of sailes and oares Seas are diuided,
 By art the Chariot runnes: by art Loue's guide
 By art are bridles rein'd in, or let slip:
Typhis by art did guide the *Hemonian* ship.
 And m. hath *Venus* her Arts master made,
 To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
 And time succeding shall call me alone,
 Loue's expert *Typhis* and *Antomedon*.
 Loue in himself is apish and vntoward,
 Yet being a child, Ile whip him when he's *Rowards*:
Achilles in his youth was taught to run
 On the stringd *Lute* a sweete division.

Art on his rude and sterne aspe^t did cease,
 Instructing him in old Philerides:
 He that so oft his friends, so oft his foes,
 Made quiske and tremble when he would disclose.
 His furious rage was knowne to be a Sutor,
 And with submission kneele ynto his Tutor:
 Eneides by Chiron was instructed,
 And by my art is loue himselfe conducted,
 Both goddes sonnes, *Venus* and *Thetis* ioyes,
 Both shrewd, both wagish, and vnhappy boyes:
 Yet the stiffe Bulls necke by the yeake is worne,
 The proud Stead chewes the bit which he doth scorn
 And though Loues darts my owne heart cleaves a-fun-
 Yet by my art the wag shal be kept vnder, (der,
 And the more deep my flaming heart is found,
 The more I will reuengte me of my wound;
 Sacred *Apollo* witnesse of my flame,
 Behold thy ars I do not falsly claime,
 Of Clio Sisters, loue I take no keepe,
 That in the vale of *Asca* feede their sheepe.
 Proud skie I teach of what I haue beene rafter,
 Loue bids me speake Ile be your skilfull master:
 And what I speake is true thus I beg in
 Be present at my labours loues faire Queene.

Keep hence you modest maidis and come not neare,
 That vse to blush and shame fast garments weare,
 That haue scant ruffes & keepe your haire ynseene,
 Whose feet with your white aprons couered beene
 From *Vertas* virgins here no place is left,
 My muse sings *Venus* boiles and Loues sweet theft,
 What kinde affections lovers thoughts do pierce,
 And there shall be no fault in this my verſe;

FINIS.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE.

First thou that art a Freshman and art bent,
To beare Loues armes and follow Cupids tent,
Find whom to loue, the next thing thou must
doe.

Learne how to speake her faire, to pleade and woe:
Last having wonne thy Mistris to thy lure,
Ile teach thee how to make that loue endure,
This is my aime, Ile keep within this space
And in this road my Chariot wheele shall trace,
Whilst thou liuest free and art a Batcheler,
The loue of one aboue the rest preferre:
To whom thy soule lyes, you alone content me,
But such a one shall not from heaven be sent thee,
Such are not dropydowne from the azure skyes,
But thou must seeke her out with bulle eyes:
Well knowes the Huntsman where his toyle to set,
And in what cerne the Boare his teeth doth whet:
Well knowes the Fowler where to lay his gin,
The fisher knowes what poole most fish are in,
And thou that studiest to become a louer,
Learne in what place most Virginys to discouer,
I do not bid thee saile the Seas to seeke,
Or trauell farre to find one thou dost like.

Like *Perseus* that among the *Negresses* sought,
 And faire *Andromade* from *Inde* brought:
 Or *Paris* who to steale that daintie peccce,
 Trauelid as farre as berwixt *Troy* and *Greece*,
 To hold the populous *Citie* in her pride,
 Yeldis thee more choice then all the world beside.
 More eares of ripe corne growes hot in the fields,
 Nor halfe so many bonghes the Forrest yeldis:
 So many greene leaues growes not in the woods,
 Nor twyn me so many fish in the salt floods.
 So many Statu in heauen you cannot see,
 As here be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
 Faire *Venus* in the *Citie* of her sonne,
 Is honoured with *Aeneas* hist begun,
 If in young Lasses thou delight, behold,
 More Virgins thou maist see then can be told:
 If women of eny differenth age will eale thee,
 Amongst a thousand thou maist chose to please thee
 If ancient women, in the *Citie* bee
 Matrons admited for their grauitie:
 To find a Marion Widdow or young Maide,
 Waile but at such time under *Pompeies* shadie.
 When as the Sunne mountes on the *Lions* backe,
 And store of all degrēs thou shalt not lacke:
 Or to that marble walke which was begun,
 And ended by a Mother and her Sonne.
 Abroad, at noone, beimes of euening late,
 That day which we to *Lana* conlectare,
 Or to the fiftie sisters *Betus* daughters,
 That all save one made of their husbands slaughters
 Or that same holliday we yearly keepe,
 In which faire *Venus* deeth for *Adon* weep,
 Or in the eauenth day sacred were then all,
 Which the lowes nation doe their Sabbath call:

Or to the Miempbien Church, where many a vow,
 Is made to the Egyptian Isis and her cow:
 Or to the market place, which way is short,
 Women of all estates do there resort,
 Repaire else to the pulpets, euen the same
 In which our learned Orators declaine,
 Here often is the pleaders tongue stroke dumbe
 By those attractive eyes that thither come.
 There he to whom anothers cause is knowne,
 Speaking of hat, wants words to pleade his owne.
 Venus receyning smiles to see from farre,
 The Lawier made a client at the barre:
 But most of all I would haue thee stir,
 At the play time unto the Theater,
 Where thou shalt finde them thicke in a great nom-
 The mated seates, and the degreees to comber, ther
 Amongst that goodly dew thou maist behold,
 Whom thou both lou'st, lustest to, & faine wold hold
 Looke as the laden Ants march to and fro,
 And with their heauie burdens rooping go:
 Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flie,
 Bearing each one he. hony in her thigh:
 And round about the spatiouse fields do stray,
 So do the fairest women to a lay,
 That I haue wondred how it could include,
 Of beauties such a gallant multitude.
 There many a Captiue looke hath conquered bee
 Thither sole armed to see and to be seene,
 Great Romulus thou first these playes contrives,
 To get thy widdowed souldiers Sabines wives,
 In those dayes from the marble house did wauey,
 No saile, no silken flag, no ensigne braude:
 The tragicke stage in that age was not red,
 There were no mixed coulours tempered:

Then did the scene want Art, the vnready stage,
 Was made of grass and earth in that rude age.
 Round about which the boughs were thickly placed
 The people did not think themselves disgraced;
 Of tuffe and heathic Gods to have their seats,
 Made in degree of gods and mafte peates.
 Thus plac'd in order, every Roman bride,
 Into his Virgins eyes, and by her side.
 Sate him downe close, and leuerally did moue,
 The innocent Sabine women to their loue.
 And whilst the Piper *heuscus* rudely playde,
 And by her stamping with his foot had made,
 A signe unto the rest, there was a shout,
 Whose shrill report pierst all the ayre about.
 Now with a signe of rape gauen from the king,
 Round through the house the lustie Romans fling:
 Leauing no corner of the same unsought,
 Till every one a frightened Virgin caught:
 Looke as the trembling Dove the Eagle flies,
 Or a young Lambe when he a Wolfe espies:
 So run these poore girles, filling the ayre with shrieks
 Emptying of all the colour in their pale cheeks,
 One teare possest them all but not one looke
 This tears her haire, she hath her wits forsooke.
 Some sadly sit, some on their mothers call,
 Some chafe, some flye, some staine but frightened all.
 Thus were the rawfht Sabines blushing led,
 Becoming shame unto each Romans bed:
 If any striu'd against it, strait her man,
 Would take her on his knee, whom feare made wan.
 And say why weepest thou, sweet what asist my dear
 Dry up those drops, these clouds of sorrow cleare
 He be to thee, if thou thy griefe wilt smother,
 Such as thy father was vnto thy mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his souldiers please,
 To giue them such faire Mistresses as these,
 If such rich wages thou wilt giue to me,
 Great *Romulus* thy souldier I will be;
 From that first age the *Theater* hath bin.
 Euen like a trap to take faire wenches in:
 Frequent the *Tik* yard, for there oft times are,
 Clusters of people thronging at the barre.
 Thou shalt not need, therewith thy fingers becken,
 Of wincking signes, or close nods do not recken;
 But where thy Mistris sits, do thou abide
 Who shall forbid thee to attaine her side,
 As neare as the place suffers see thou get,
 That none betwixt thee and her selfe be sets
 If thou beest mute and bashfull I will teach,
 How to begin and brake the ice of speech:
 Ask whoſe that horse was, what he was did guide
 Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him. (him
 Which in the course of barriers best did do,
 And whom she likes, han do thou fauour to.
 When thou espiest where *Romus* best gallants sit:
 Applaud faire *Venus* with thy Mistris hand it:
 If dust by chance upon her garments fall,
 Looke with thy ready hand thou brush it all.
 And though none fall, yet looke that without scoffe
 Thou with thy dutious hand beat that none off.
 And let the least occasion shew thy duty,
 None can be too seruile vnto beautie:
 If her loose garments hang downe that the skirt,
 Lick ud the dust or fall into the dirt:
 Officious be to lift it vp againe,
 And from the flutish earth to bear her traine
 Happily thy dutious guardian such may be,
 That thou her foot or well shapte leg may see.

Aende

Beware that none behind her rudely crush her,
 Or with his bard knees or his elbowes bruise her:
 See all faours women's light thoughts captiuale,
 And many in their loues make fortunate.
 Beating the dust, or fanning the fresh aire,
 Or to her wearie foote but adde a staire.
 Such diligence and dutie often proues,
 Great furtherance to many in their loues.
 Within these litle hash *Cupid* battaile founded:
 And he that make men wounds, himselfe bin woun-
 As carelesse of himselfe he pries about, (ded:
 To know which conquerors of the Champions stour
 He feels himselfe pierst with a flying dart,
 And wounded sore, complaines him of his heart.
 Oh what assemblie did there come to see.
 Great *Cesar* stand in all his roialtic.
 Praying his priues in their shouts and skips,
 Tooke in the *Persian* and *Athenian* ships,
 From both sides of the sea young Gallants came,
 And Virgins of all sorts to see the same:
 Then was the Citie throng'd, who could not find
 In that faire crew a Saint to please his minde.
 Oh gods! how many did kind fancie drue,
 Strangers to vs, vs vniu them do wiue.
 Behold Great *Cesar* through the whole world famed
 Will add unto the nations he hath tamed.
 The Easterne kingdomes here to ouerpast,
 And they of all his Conquest shall be last.
 See where a stouter wenger comes in armes,
 Whose haughty brest the flower of honouer warmes
 That being but a child leades warre in chaines,
 But more then children can by warre consistaines,
 Thy birth-day shall by generall accord,
 With all the newest vertues be ador'd,

Thy

Thy wisedome which might well become the aged,
 Shall in the selfe same ranke he equipaged:
 That all the world may wonder one so young,
 Hath such a ripe wit, and so queint a tongue.
 Thy giftis out-strip thy age, whose slow pace lingers,
 Such was his instant strength, who twixt his fingers
 Crush't two nuenom'd Snakes being in the cradle,
 What would he doe being mounted on the saddle,
 As great as Bacchus when his yeares yet greene,
 Was in his power amongst the Indies scenes
 Is Cesar heire vnto hi's fathers spirit,
 That his fo'fathers vertues do inherit,
 With their auspicious fortune proudly dight.
 Wars, and shall vanquish still where he doth fight,
 Such be the fates, decree must be his fame
 That shall wage battell vnder Cæsars name.
 Live st ill thou, youth, of whom thou now art king,
 With milkewhite heads and beards thy praises sing,
 Revenge thy wronged brothers, thy dead father,
 And to the wars millions of people gather.
 Thy father, and thy countries father too.
 Ease thee in armes against thy insulting foe.
 Thou bear'st religiōus armes so doth not he,
 Wrong leades him forth, but justice fightes for thee.
 Behold the Parthians are already slaine.
 The East yeelds homage to the Latine traine.
 Cesar and Mars, both gods, his fathers both
 Bee powerfull in his journey now he geeth,
 I prophesie his conquest and his praise,
 In a rich stile vnto the beautens he raise:
 With my field words he shall his armie cheare,
 Which with their sweet sound shal enchant each ear
 Whilst I the Parthians flight decribe at large,
 Who backward shotte, as flying, their foes charge.
 And

And of the *Romans* resolution write,
 In vaine poore *Paribian* souldiers thou dost fight,
Mars the great god of armes, forsake thy droome,
 In value thou hop'st by flight to ouercome:
 In what day shalt thou fairest of all things,
 Be deck with gold, attended on by Kings.
 And drawne along by fourc white snowie Steeds.
 To royalize thy acts and famous deeds.
 The whi est thy troopes of louldiers round intairons
 The Captaine of the enemy bound with irons:
 Giuing their legs to keepe them from the flight,
 Which they before did practise in their fight.
 The ioyfull young men mingled with sweet lasses,
 Will croud and presse to see him as he passes,
 And now being meet, no sweete occasion balke,
 Make speech of any thing to enter talker:
 Though ignorant in all things, all things know,
 And take vpon thee to explaine each shew.
 As thus she *Eupbrates* that first proceedes,
 Hauing her head bound with a reath of reeds
 Call the next *Tigris* with her haire all blew,
 Maides may be flattered, to think fained things true
 Say this presents *Armenia*, Denee she,
 In the next place let *Achemonia* be. (ble,
 That man's a conqueror, captiues they that trem-
 Speake truly, if thou canst, if not dissemble.
 Thence if you go to banckquet and sit downe,
 To tast sweet Viands and to drinke a round,
 There may thy thoughts vnto my art incline,
 Obseruing loue, more then the crimson wine,
 Cupid himselfe alwayes injured to rapes,
 Hath with his own whit hard i rest *Bacchus* grapes.
 Vntill his wings with sprinkeled wine made wet,
 He heauie sirs and sleepes where he is set.

The dew from off his feathers soone he shakes,
 Whiche from his drowned wings the day aire takes,
 But from his breast so soone he cannot drive,
 Loue sprinkled there though nere so much he staine
 Wine doth prepare the spirits, heates the braine hot,
 Expels deepe cares, make sorrowes quite forgot:
 Moues mirth, breeds laughter makes the poor man
 And not remembryng need to laugh aloud: (proud
 Sets ope the thoughtis, doth rudenes banish,
 Refineth ars, and at wine fight woes vanishe.
 In wine hath many a young mans heart ban tooke
 And borne away in a faire wenchess looke,
 In wine is lust and rancknes of desire,
 Ioyne wine and loue, and you adde fire to fire:
 Choose not a face by torch-light, but by day,
 Onely grosse faults such splendors can bewray.
 Trust no made lights, they will deceue thine eye,
 Thou canst not judge by torch-light, nor in tw.e.
 At the broad noore t de, when the Sun shin'd fairest,
 Did Paris say to Helen thou art fairest.
 The night hides faultis, the midnicht houre is blind,
 And no mishapt deformity can fnd.
 Stones and eyen Scarlet by the day we cluse:
 The broad day and bright sunne in beautie vse:
 Sometimes unto those places taske thy feet,
 Where the faire forrest hanties do meete.
 In number more then sea lands, else prepare,
 To the warme bathes, where many a emal are:
 There some or other hurt by Cupids stroke,
 Where troubled waters with wa me brin stone smoke
 Mistakes the wounds, cause and exchaning rates;
 Not blaming Loue, But those vnholome waues.
 See where Dianes glorie Temple stands,
 Where kingdoms haue bin won by slay hir hands
 Because

Because the *Cupid* loathes and liues chaste still.
 Much people he hath slaine and much shall kill:
 Thus farre my Muse hath sung in diuers straines:
 Wherethou maist find fit place to set thy traines,
 My next indeauour is to lay the ground,
 To atchieue and win the Mistris thou hast found,
 Be prompt and apt, you that shall read my lines,
 And vse attention to their disciplines,
 The first strickt precept I enioyne your fence,
 Needfull to be obseru'd is conscience:
 Be confident, thy successe once begun,
 And build on this they all are to bewonne.
 First shall the birds that welcomme in the spring,
 All mute and dombe for euersce to sing:
 The sommer Ante leave their industrious paines,
 And from their full mouthes cast thir loaled
 The swift *Metenian* hounds that chassing are(gaines,
 Shall righted runne backe from the trembling hare
 Before a wanton wench once tempted by thie
 Poore foole, shall haue the hard heart to deny thee,
 Stolne pleasure which to men is never hatefull,
 To women, is now and at all times ever grateful:
 Th' difference is a Maide her loue will couer,
 Men are more impudent and publicke louers:
 Tis meet we men should aske the question still.
 Should women do it, it would become them ill.
 The Heifers strength being once ripe and nellow,
 After the Bull she through the field will bellow.
 The Mare neighes after the couragious Steed,
 But humane lust doth not so much exceed.
 Our flame hath lawfull bonds, keep me & season,
 Nor bestiall made like theirs, but mixt with reason,
 Shold I of *Hblis* speake whose hot desire
 Doth to the brothers lawlesse bed aspire:

And

And when the incestuous deed she well suspendereth,
 Her resolution her sweet life she endeth:
Mirra the love of her owne father so ght,
 Afflicting him but not as danche s ought:
 Her body in a tree rough rinde appears,
 And with her weale and odorous teares,
 Our bodies we perfume, these are the same,
Mirra of their mistris *Mirra* that bears the name
 In *Ida* of tall tree and *Cedars* full,
 There fed the glory of the heard, a *Bull*, (grew,
 Snow white, laue twxt his hornes one spot ther
 Saue that one staine he was of milkie hew,
 This Bullocke did the Heifers of the groves,
 Desire to beare as Prince of all their droues,
 But most *Pasiphae* with adulterous br. auh,
 Enuius the louely Heifers to the death:
 I speake knowne truth this cannot erres deny,
 With all her hundred Cities built on hie.
 Tis said that for this *Bull* the doating *Lasse*,
 Did vse to top fresh boughes and mow young grasse
 Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queene afraid,
 To grow a kinde companion to the heard:
 Thus through the Campaigne she is madly borne,
 And a wild *Bull* to *Mino*s gives the hunc.
 Tis not for brauery he doth loue or loath thee,
 Then why, *Pasiphae*, dost thou so richly cloth thee,
 Why dost thou h. is thy face and looks sicke are,
 What makst thou with thy glasse ordring it y h. e.
 Vnlesse thy glasse could make thee seeme a Cow,
 And how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
Mino please thee, no adulterer seeke thee,
 Or if thy husband *Mino* do not like ther:
 But thy lasciuious thoughts are still increase,
 Deceiving him with a man, not with a beast.

Thus

Thus by the Queene the wilde woods are frequen-
 And leauing the Kings bed she is contented (ted,
 To use the groues borne by the rage of mind,
 Even as a ship with a full Easterne wind.
 How often hath she with an enuous eye,
 Look'd on the Cow that by her bull did lie:
 Say ne, oh wherefore did this Heifer moue,
 My hearts chief Lad, and vrge him to her loue.
 Behold, how iuse before him ioyfull skips,
 And proudly setting on the greene grassie lips:
 To please his amorous eye, the charg'd the Queen
 See in these fields that cow no more be seene.
 No sooner to her seruants had she spoke,
 But the poore bca² was straight put to the yoake.
 Some of these strumpet Heifers the Queen slew,
 And their warre bloud the akers did imbrew:
 Whil by the sacreficing Priest she stands,
 And gripe her wrangling entrails in her handes,
 Oft praid she to the Gods but all in vaine, (slaine
 To app ease their dieries with bloud of beasts thus
 And to their bowels speake, go, go, begone,
 To please him whom I fondly dote upon.
 Now doth she with h[er] selfe Europa then,
 To be faire, so pasturing in the fe[n]e,
 Is a beast in shape, hide, horfe, and horne,
 Only Europa on a beast was borne.
 At length the Captaine of the heard begilde,
 With a Cowes skin with curious art compilde.
 The longing Queen obtain'd her full desire,
 And in the childe birth did bewray the fire:
 Had Cressa kept her from Thieffes bed,
 She had not with her childe bee[n]e banished.
 Nor Phebus stoppeth his Carr that so bright burned,
 And his steeds back ynto the morning turned.

King *Misus* daughter that was held so faire,
stole from her fathers head the purple haire
And hanging at the ship in her fall.

Chang'd to a bird in voice, in shape and all.
Another *Silla* was by *Circes* spels.

Made a Sea monster, and in the ocean dwels:
Beneath whose nauell barketh many a hound,
Whose rauenous gult like throats ship, and men
The wisest of great *Alcides* that by land, (drownd.
Fled the great god of war and did withstand:
Neptune by Sea, behold alas she dics.

A wofull and lamented sacrifice:

Whose sorrows only not bright *Crusae*s flame, (same
Wishing their salt teares might haue quencht the
Who could but weepe to see young children slaine,
Whilst their warme blouds their mothers garments
*Phanex Annutor*s daughter she laments, (staine,
The swift paxt hurrying chariot teares and rents.

Chief mischiefe all by womens lusts engender,
Some of their hearts be tough, though most be ten-
Womens desires are burning, some contagious, (der-
vens are more temporare, farre & lesse ouragious:
Then in my art proceed nor doubt to enjoy.
And win all women he they nere so coy.

Ist them by my directions, being learned by thee,
Not one amongst a thousand will deny thee:
Let loue they to be vrg'd by some constraint,
As well in things which they deny as grant:
But take thou no repulse, ist not a treasure,
To enjoy new delights and tast fresh pleasure.
Varietie of sweets are welcome still,
And acceptablest to a womans will:
They thinke that corne best in anothers field,
Their neighbors go ate the sweetest milk doth yeeld.

Put

But first ere siege be to thy Mistris laid,
 Praet se to come acquainted with her maids:
 She can prepare the way, lecke thy redresse,
 And by her meanes thou maist haue sweete access
 To her familiar care your counsels shew,
 And all your priuate pleasures let her know:
 Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward
 With her that's easie which to thee seemes hard,
 She can chose times, so times Physitions keepe,
 When in thy Mistris armes thou safe maist sleepe,
 And that must be when she is apt to yeeld,
 What time the tipe cotne swelis within the field,
 When banish sorrowes, from her heart remoue,
 And giues mirth place, she lies broad wake to loue.
 Whiles Troy was pensiue, twas well fenc'd and kept,
 But then betrained when they ecuriously slep't:
 Yet sometimes proue her, when thou find'st her sad,
 Mourning her owne wrong with some vsage bad,
 Follow that humor with thy fluent tongue,
 Shee'll grace thee to reuenge her former wrong.
 Her may the industrious maide betimes prepare,
 And loftly whisper, yet that she may heare,
 Such wrongs no woman that hath sprit can beare
 So shee proceeds to th're, I fis thy praises hie,
 Sweate for her chaste Loue thou art bent to dye,
 And there step in, and doubt not to preuaile.
 Yet ere her furious ang' r hath strooke saio,
 Rage in that Sea: del'y consumes and dyes,
 Like ice against the sunne; no grace despite
 That from the hand maid comes; with al thy power
 Seeke by conuenient meanes her to deflower.
 She is industrious and made apt for sport,
 And by her office limits your retort,

she, if her owne counsel may be closly kept,
 Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.
 All is hap hazard, though it be with paine,
 My counsell is from these things to abstaine.
 I will not headlong ouer mountaines tread,
 Nor following me shall any be misled:
 But of the maide by whom thou send'st thy letter,
 With her care please thee well, with her face bener
 Begin not therefore with the Maide to toy.
 Thy Mistris loue and fauour first enjoy.
 One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,
 Nor let my words amongst the windes depart:
 If thou hast mou'd her once take no denyall,
 Resolute to act, or neuer to make tryall,
 From feare and blame thou art secure and free,
 As soone as she partakes the crime with thee.
 You see the bird that to the morning singes,
 Cannot soare high, when she hath lim'd her wings:
 Nor can the sauage Boare with brisled backe,
 Breake through those toyles, which he before made:
 The fish that glides along the siluer brook, (slacke
 Is quickly drawne, being wounded with the hooke,
 So hauing once but tride her, make her yeeld,
 And never part but conquer from the field:
 The fault being mutuall, knowing how she fell,
 The bashfull girle will be ashamed to tell,
 But shee can shew thee in familiar phrase,
 Both what thy vertuous Mistris doth and sayes:
 Alwayes be secret if your gile appeare,
 Twill in thy Lady breed perpetuall feare:
 He is deceiu'd that thinkes all times auail
 For Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to sayle:
 All seasons are not kinde when men should sow,
 Times must be pickt, to haue your graine well growe:

Nor always is the surging ocean fit,
 That the well fraughted ship may saile in it;
 Nor is it always une faire girles to woe,
 Sometimes abstaine, so doth thy Mister doe.
 Omither birth-day, and those Calends misse,
 When Mars and Venus both abstaine to kiss:
 At soire to bidden seasons being deckt,
 With princely tire, vse her with great respect:
 In the breame winter when that Phader rame,
 From the sweet worke of Venus most abstaine:
 Forteare the like resort amongst thy wenches,
 When that the tender kidd the ocean drenches.
 Thou art begin eu'en in that very day,
 When wofull and lamenting *Aila*.
 Lookes on the tragick earth made crimson red,
 With the wond *Romans* wound's which that day bled
 Or in the seuen h feast which is held diuine,
 And honoured by the men of *Palestine*.
 Thy Ladys birth day Ceremonies make,
 And superstitiously al workes forsake,
 Aboue all dayes let that a blacke day be,
 When thou giest ought, or she doth bog of thee
 You shall haue some into your bosomes creepe,
 Who itstingly will snatch things they will keep.
 And by some flight and pretty wanton suite,
 To enrich themselues will leaue thee destitute,
 First shal the linnen draper bring his wares,
 And lay his pack wide open, at the Faires.
 She will peruse them as thou standst her nigh,
 The whilst the Draper askes what will you buy?
 Strait will she craue thy judgement in the Lawne,
 Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawnes:
 Then will she kisse thee, pray thee she may try it,
 Thus by her flattery thou art wonne to buy it.

Canst thou deny the wanton she will sware,
 This gift shall serue her use for many a yeare;
 It is now cheare she hath great need of this,
 And every word she mingles with a kisse.
 Hast thou no coyne about thee thou shalt send,
 To intreat it by a letter from thy frend.
 What must I needs present her with this casket,
 Because that on her birth day she doth ask it?
 Then every day she wants she will be sworne,
 That as that very day she's bred and borne,
 Or when I see her how she sadly weeps,
 And fainin^g some false losse much seeking keepes,
 As if she had let fall some pretious thing,
 A iewell from her eare, her hand a ring.
 What's that to me, or if I here her pray,
 To borrow this or that vntill some day.
 What's lent is lost, and to be found no more.
 Women things borrowed never will restore.
 Ten tonges, as many mouthes cannot impart,
 Halfe the sleights vsed in the stumppets art,
 Make loue with letters and thy money saue,
 And let them wax, and inke, and paper haue,
 Keepe what thou hast, for words good words surren-
 For flattery, like falsehood ever tender. (der.
 Fair words are cheape, what more thou giust is
 Flatter, speake faire, 'tis done with little cost. (lost,
 Old Priam by intreaty Helle wonne,
 Which bribed Achilles never would haue done:
 Force is but weake, intreaty hath her odds.
 So we intreate but not inforsse the gods.
 A promise is a charme to make fooles fat,
 Be full of hem, promise no matter what.
 A promise is a meere enchanting witch,
 Promises 'tis an easie matter to be rich.

Da^{to} dona
 sicut dat
 mella geni-
 sta.

The hope of gaine will keepe thy creditfree,
 Hope is a goddesse false yet true to thee.
 Give her and say, you part on some disdaine,
 Thou by her loosest, she by thee shall gaine:
 Be alwaies giuing, but your gift still keepe,
 And thy delayes in wordes well harmed steepe.
 So hath the barren field deceiu'd the swaine,
 So doth the Gamster loose in hope to gaine:
 Loue that on caen hands growes is most pure,
 That which comes gratis longest doth endure.
 Write first, and let thy pleasant lines salute her,
 A letter breakes the ice of any faiter:
 A letter in an apple writ and sent,
 Wonne faire Cidippe to her louers bent.
 You Roman Youthes all other toyes resigne,
 Leauie the seuen liberall Arts and Muses nine:
 As when you heare an Orator declaine,
 The people iudge and Senat grace the same.
 So when the faire maids thou shalt come among,
 Speake well, and they will all applaud thy tongue,
 But speake not by the booke, it breeds offence,
 To court in strange and fustian cloquence:
 None but a gull such Bastard words will praise,
 Or in his speech vse an inforeed phrase.
 Who but a mad man else with Orations,
 Plead to his loue, and woe in declamations
 Vse a smooth language, and accustomed speech,
 And with no straining discourse loue beseech,
 As if thou camst to speak a studied part,
 But as immediately sent from the heart.
 If she receive thy lines, and scornes to read them,
 But casting them away, on the ground tread them
 Despaire not though, but that she may in time,
 And will with judging eyes peruse thy rime,

In time the stubborne Heifers draw the waine,
 In time the wildest steeds do brooke the raine:
 Time frets hard iron, in time the plowshares wearne
 Yet the ground soft by which the steele is torn.
 What's harder then a stone, or what more soft
 Then water is, and yet by dropping oft
 The gentle raine will eat into the flints,
 And in their hard sides leaues impressiue dinte.
 Do but persist the suite thou hast begone:
 In time will chaste *Penelope* be wonne:
 Long was it ere the Cittie Troy was taine:
 Yet was it burnt at length and *Priamus* slaine,
 Hath she peruse the scroule thou didst indite,
 And will she not as yet an answer write:
 Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,
 That she hath read it, and thy loue doth see.
 Feare not, if once she read what thou hast write,
 She will vouchsafe in time to answer it.
 At first perhaps her letter will be sowl,
 And on thy hopes her paper seeme to lowr:
 In which she will soniure thee to be mute,
 And charge thee to forbear thy hated suite
 Tush, what she most forwarnes she most desires,
 In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires:
 Only pursue to reap what thou hast sowne,
 A million to a mite she is thy owne.
 If thou by chance hast found her in some place,
 Downe on her back and vpwards with her face,
 Occasion smiles upon thee, shake thy fate,
 Steale to her besides with a theeuish gate:
 And hauin? wonne, vnto her wisely bearc thee,
 With watchfull care that no Eaudropper heare
 Or if she walke abroad without delay,
 Be thou a quicke spie to obserue her way.

Keope in her eyc, and cross her in the streer,
 Here ouertake her, at that corner meet;
 Then come behinde her, then out strip her pace,
 And now before her, and now after trae.
 Now fast, now fl. w. and euer moue some stay,
 That she may finde thee still first in her way,
 Not be affraid if thou occasion spie.
 To ior her elbow as thou passest by.
 Or if thou happenest to behold from farr,
 Thy Minnes comynge to the Theater:
 Hye to th place, being there look round about thee
 And in no seate let her be found without thee
 No matter tho gh he lay thou do not minde.
 Thou sight enough within her face shalt finde:
 There stand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,
 There speakeing lookees may whiper thy desire.
 Applaud him whom sh. likes, if thou discouer,
 In any straine a true well acted louer.
 Make him thy instance, court her by all skill,
 If she rise, rise, if she sit, sit bee still:
 Laugh thou but whē she smiles, die when she lowers
 And in her looks and gestures loose thy howers.
 Thy legs with eating punice do not weare,
 Use not hot irons to crisper and curle thy haire,
 No spruce starch fashions should on louers waire,
 Men best become a meere neglected gate.
 Blunt besens came with no perfumes to Creete
 And yet great Minos daughter thought him swore,
 Phaedra did loue Hippollitus, yet he,
 Had on his back no Courtly brauery.
 Adonis like a woodman still was clad,
 Yet Venus doated on the louely lad:
 So neate and handsome, comelines best pleases
 And the desire of women, soonest ceases.

ben thou
 daest her
 the Thea-
 ter

Be a meete gate, thy garments without staine,
 Keepe not thy face from weather nor from raine,
 Thy song haue without roughnes, thy teeth cleare
 And white; and le^v no rust inhabite there,
 Weare thy shooes close and fit and not to wide,
 Cut thy haire compasse, euen on either side:
 Let no disordered haires here and there stand,
 But haue thy beard trim'd with a skilfull hand.
 Make blant thy nailes, pare them & kee^p them low,
 Let no stiffe haires within thy nostril grow:
 Keepe thy breath sweet and firesh, lest ranke it smell
 Such is the aire where bearded goates do dwell.
 All other loose tricks and effeminate toyes:
 Leue thou to wanton girles and iugling boyes:
 Behold young Baethus me his Poet names,
 He fauor louers and those amourous flames,
 In which he hath bene scorched it so fell out,
 Mad Aradne straid the Ile abou:
 Being left alone within that desert plaine,
 Where the brooke Dia pores into the maine.
 Who making from her rest her vaile vnbound,
 Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,
 Her golden haire disolued, aloud she raues,
 Calling on Theseus to the defused waues.
 On Theseus, cruell Theseus, whom she seekes, (cheeks
 Whilst showers of teares makes furrowes in her
 She calls and weeps, & weeps and calls at once,
 Which might to ruth move the fenceles stones,
 Yet both alike became her, they grac'd her,
 The whilst she striues to call him, or cry faster.
 Then beates she her soft breast, and makes it grome
 And then she cries what is false Theseus gone?
 What shall I do? she cries, what shall I do?
 And with that note she runs the Forrest through

The tale
 Theseus &
 Ariadne.

When suddenly her eares might vnderstand,
 Cimbals and Timbrels toucht with a loud hands
 To which the forrest woods and caues resounds
 And now amaz'd the senecles falls to ground.
 Behold the Nymphes come with their scattered hair
 Falling behinde, which they like garments weare,
 And the light Satyres, and vntoward crew,
 Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
 Then old Silenus on his lazie asse.
 Nods with his drunken pate about to passe.
 Where the poore Ladie, all in teares lies drown'd,
 Scarce fits the drunkard, but he falls to ground,
 Scarce holds the bridle fast, but staggering stoopes,
 Following those giddy Bacchanian troops.
 Who dance the wild *Laualto* on the grafie
 Whilst with a staffe he layes upon his asse.
 At length when the young Satyrs least suspect,
 He tumbling falls quite from his asse necke:
 But vp they heave him, whilst each Satyre cries,
 Rise good old father, good old Father rise,
 Now comes the god himselfe, next after him,
 His vine like Chariot driven with Tygres grimme:
 Colour and voice, and Theseus the doth lack:
 There would she fly, and their feare puld her back:
 She trembles like a stalke the wind doth shake
 Or a weeke reed that growes besides the lake.
 To whom the Gods spake, Lady take good cheare,
 See one more faithfull then falle Theseus here.
 Thou shalt be wife to Bacchus for a gift,
 Reccieue high heauen, and to the sphærēs be lift,
 Where thou shalt shine a starre to guide by night,
 The wandring Seaman in his course arigh.
 This said, least that his Tygres should astray,
 The trembling maid, the God his coach doth stay.
 And

And leaping from his Chariot with his heales,
He prints the sand, with that the Nymph he seeles;
And hugging her, in uaine she doth resist.
He beares her thence, Gods can do what they list.
Some Hymen sing, and Ie cry,
So Bacchus with the maide that night doth lye:
Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
And thou that night vnto thy loue doth owe:
Pray to the god of grapes that in thy bed,
The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.
In wine much hidden talke thou maist inuene
To giue thy Lady note of thy intent.
To tell her thou art hers and she is thine,
Thus eu'en at board make loue tricks in the wine.
Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
How with thy speaking eye to moue thy suite:
Good language may be made in lookees and wincks,
Be first that takes the cup wherein she drinks.
And note the very place her lip did iuich
Drinke iust at that, let thy regard be iuich.
Or when she carues, what part of all the meate
She with her finger iuich that cut and eate
Or if thou carue to her or, she to thee,
Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
Be with her friend familiar, and be sure,
It much auailcs to make thy loue endures
When thou drink'st, drink to him aboue the rest,
Grace him, and make thy selfe a thankfull guest.
In every thing preferre him to his face.
Though in his function he be nere so base.
The course is safe and doth securenesse lend,
For who suspectesse may not greet his friend.
Yet though the path thou tread'st seem straight and
In some things it is full of rubs againe. (plaine,

Lone tricks
used in eat-
ing and
drinking. 3

errone
it to much.

ing.
ence.

Drinke sparingly, for my imposse is such,
 And in your singling him take not too much:
 Carouse not but with soft and moderate sups,
 Huue a regard and measure in your cups.
 Let both the feete and thoughts their office know,
 Chiefly beware of brawling which may grow
 By too much wine, from fighting most abstaine,
 In such a quarrell was *Eurition* slaine: (after,
 Where swaggering leades the way mischiefe comes
 Junkets and wine were made for mirth & laughter,
 Sing if thy voice be delicate and sweet,
 If thou canst dance then nimbly shake thy feet.
 If thou hast in thee enough that's more then common,
 Shew it; such gifts as these most please a woman.
 Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the braine,
 Yet now and then I hold it good to faine.
 Instruct thy lisping tongue sometimes to trip,
 That if a word misplac'd do passe thy lip:
 At which the carping presence find some clause,
 It may be iudg'd that quaffing was the cause.
 Then boldly say, how happy were th' man,
 That could enfould thee in his armes and then
 Wish to embrace her in her sweet hearts stead,
 Whom in her eare thou rauest to see dead.
 But when the tables drawne and she among:
 The full crewrising thrust into the throng.
 And tuck her softly as he for h doth goe,
 And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.
 Now is the time to speake, be not afraid,
 Him that is bold both loue and fortune aid.
 Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick true loue shew,
 Good words vnwares vpon thy tongue will flow,
 Make as thy tong could wound thy soul with griefe
 And vse what art thou canst to win relief.

All

All women of themselues felte loued are,
The foylest in their owne conceits are fairest
Praise them they will beleue thee I haue knowne,
A meete dissembler a true louer growne.
Profing in earnest what he fained in sport,
Then, oh you Maides, vse men in gentle sorte
Be affable, and kinde, and scorne eschew,
Loue forg'd at first may at the last prove true;
Let faire wordes worke into their hearts as brooks,
Into a hollow band that ouer looks:
The margent of the water praise hor chekkes
The roulour of her haire commend and like:
Her slender finger and her pretty foot,
Her body and each part hat longs vnto's:
And women as you hope my stile shall raise you,
I chuse you to beleue men when they praise you,
For praises please the chastest maids delight.
To hear their Louers in their praise to wine,
Juno and Pallus hate the Ibrigian soyle:
Where Paris to their beaties sauue the foile,
Euen yet they enuy Venus and still dare her,
To come to a new iudgement which is a ret.
The Peacock being praised spreads his traine,
B silent and he hedes his wealth agame.
Houses traptrichly prais them in heir race,
They will curuet and proudly mend their face.
Large promise in loue I much allow,
Nay call the gods as witnesse to thy vow:
For Ioue himselfe lies in the azure skies,
And laughes below at louers perjuries.
Commanding Bolus to dispense them quire,
Euen Ioue himself hath falsly sworne some write.
By Stix to Juno, and since then doth show,
Fauours to us that falsly sweare below.

Gods

Gods surely be gods, we must thinke they are,
 To them burne incense and due rights prepares;
 Nor do they sleepe as many thinke they do,
 Lead hamelesse liues, pay debts and forfeits to,
 Keepe couenant with thy friend and banish fraud,
 Kill not, and such a man the gods applaud.
 Say women none deceiue, the gods haue spoken,
 There is no paine impos'd on faith so broken,
 Deceiuer the fly deceiuer they finde snares,
 To catch poore hamelesse louers vnawares.
 Lay the like traines for them; nine yeare somme faine
 In Egypt there did fall no drop of raine,
 When Thrasius to the grimme Busiris goes,
 And from the Oracle this answer shewes:
 That Ione must be appeal'd with strangers blodd,
 They said Busiris kild him where he stond:
 And said withall thou stranger first art slaine,
 To appease the Gods and bring great Egypt raine
 Phallaris bull, King Phallaris first said;
 With the worke master that the Engine made:
 Both Kings were iust, death deaths inuenter say,
 And iustly in their owne inuention die,
 So should false oathes, by right false oathes beguile
 And a deceitfull girle be caught by wilc:
 Then teach thy eyes to weepe, tears perswade truth
 And moues obdurate Adamant to ruth.
 At such speciall times that passing by,
 She may perceiue a teare stand in thy eye.
 Or if tears faile, as still thou canst not get them,
 With thy moist finger rub thy eyes and wet them
 Who but a foole that canot judge of blisses,
 But when he speakes will with his word mixe killses,
 Say she be coy and will giue none at all,
 Take them vngiuern, perhaps at first shoo'l brawle.

Suriue

Strive and resist her all the wayes she can,
 And say withall away you naughtie man.
 Yet will she fight like one woulde loose the field,
 And striuing gladly be constraind to yeeld:
 Be not so boisterous, do not speake to her
 Lest by rude hurting of her lips she cry.
 He that gets kisses with his pleading tongue,
 And gets not all things that to loue belongs
 I count him for a Meacocke and a sor.
 Worthy to loose the kisses that he got,
 What more then kissing wanted of the game,
 Was thy mette dastardie, not bashfull shame?
 They terme it force, such force comes welcome still,
 What pleaseith them they grant against their will.
 Phobe the faire was forc'd so was her sister,
 Yet Phobe in her heart thank'd him that kist her.
 There is a tale well knowne how Hecubs sonne,
 To stcale faire Hellen through the streame did run,
 Venus who by his censure wonne in Ide,
 Gave to him in equitall this faire bride:
 Now for another world doth saile with ioy,
 A welcomme daughter to the king of Troy
 The whilste the Grecians aye already come,
 Mou'd with this publick wrong against Ilium.
 Achilles in a smok his Sex doth smother,
 And layes the blame upon his carefull mother.
 What makes thou great Achilles sozing wooll,
 When Pallas in a caske should hide thy skull?
 What doth that palme with webs and abrids of gold
 Which are more fit a warlike shielde to hold?
 Why should that right hand rocke and twig contain
 By which tho' Trojan Hector must be slaine,
 Cast off these loose vailes and thy armour take,
 And in thy hand the speare of Pelias shake.

Thus Lady like he with a Lady lay,
 Till wh^t he was h^t bell^y did bewray:
 Yet was she for^e so oft we to beleeue,
 Not to be so infors^t how would she grieue.
 When he shoul^d rise from her stull would she cry,
 For he had arm'd him and his Rocke laid by,
 And with a soft voice spake Achille stay,
 It is to soone to rise, lie downe I pray:
 And then the man that for^cd her she would kisse,
 What force Deidemeia call you this.
 There is a kinde of feare in the first proffer,
 But having once begun she takes the offer,
 Trust not to much young man to thy faire face,
 Nor looke a woman shoul^d entreat thy grace,
 First let a man with sweer words smooth his way,
 Be forward in her eare to sae and pray.
 If thou wile reape fruikes of thy loues effects,
 Only begin 'tis all that she expects,
 So in the ancient times Olimpian loue,
 Made to Heroes suite and wonne their loue:
 But if thy words breed scorne, a while forbear,
 For many what most flies them hold most deare:
 And what they may haue profer'd fly and shunne,
 By soft recreate great vantage may be wonne.
 In person of a woer come not still,
 But sometimes as a friend in meere good will:
 Thou canst her friend, but sh^t it retorne her Loue,
 A white lof^t hew my iudgement doth disproue.
 Glue me a face whose coulour knowe no art,
 Wh^t ch^t the green sea hath tan^d the Sunne made
 Beauty is meere vneomely in a Clewne,
 That yn^r the hot Planets plough the ground.
 And thou that Pallas Garland wouldest redeeme,
 To haue a white face it would ill beseene.

Let him that loues looke pale, for I protest,
 That coulour in a Louer still shewes best,
 Orion wandring in the woods lookt sickly,
 Daphne being once in loue lost colour quickly
 Thy leanness argues loue, seeme sparely fed
 And sometimes weare a nightcap on thy h:ad,
 For griefs and cares that in afflictions show,
 Weaken a Louers spirits and bring him low.
 Louke miserably poore, it much behoues,
 That all that see you, may say, yon man loues,
 Shall I proceed or stay, moue or diswade?
 Friendship and faith of no account are made.
 Loue mingles right with wrong, friendship despises
 And the world faith holds vaine, and lightly passes.
 Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commad,
 To thy companion or thy trusty friends
 Least of thy praise enamoured it may breed,
 Like loue in them with passions that exceed,
 Yet was the nuptiall bed of great Achilles
 Unstain'd by his deare friend Aectorides:
 The wife of Theseus though she went stray,
 Was chaste as much as in Pitbirous lay.
 Phœbus and Pallas, Hermonius, Phillades,
 And the two twins we call Tentarides:
 Tend to the like, but he that in these daies,
 For the like trust acquires the selfe same praise.
 He may aswell from weedes lecke sweete rose buds,
 Apples of thornetrees, honie from the flouds.
 No h:ang is practis'd now, but what is ill,
 Pleasure is each mans God, fafh they excell:
 And that stolne pleasure is respectid chiefe,
 Which falls to one man by anothers grief:
 O mischiese you young louers, feare not those,
 That are your open and professed foes,

Looke pale.

Leane.

Sickly.

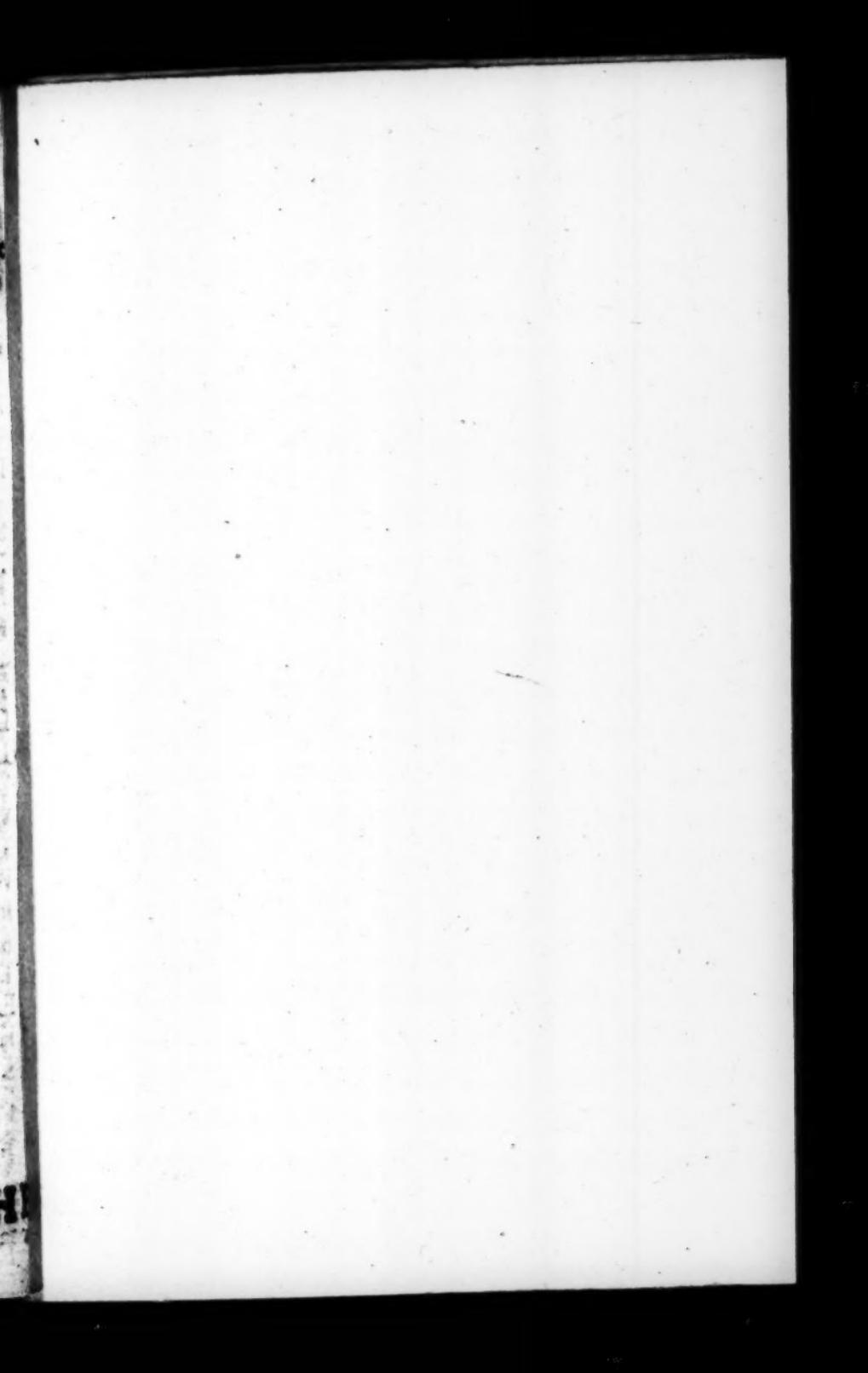
*Suspect thy
friend in
loue.*

Suspect.

Suspect thy friend, though else in all things iust.
 Yet in thy loue he will deceiue thy trust,
 Friends breed true feares in loue the presence hat
 Of thy neare kinsman, brother and sworne mate,
 I was about to end, but loe I see,
Quot capita
sunt sensus. How many humorous thoughts in women be,
 But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raise,
 A thousand humors woe a thousand wayess
 One plot of ground all simples cannot bring,
 This is for vines, here corne their olives spring.
 More then be seuerall shapes beneath the skies,
 Haue womens gestures, thoughts, and fantasies?
 He that is apt will in himselfe devise,
 Innumerable shapes of fit disguise,
 To shifte and change like *Proteus* whom wee see.
 A Lion first, a bore, and then a tree.
 Some fishes strangely by a dart are tooke,
 These by a net and others by a hooke:
 All ages not alike intrapped are,
 The crooked old wife sees the traine from far,
 Appeare not learned vnto one that's rude,
 Nor loose to one with chasteitie indu'd:
 Shoulde you so do alas the pretty elues,
 Would in the want of Art distrust themselues,
 Hence comes it, their best fortunes some refuse
 And the base bed of an inferior chuse:
 Part of my toyles remaines, and part is past
 Merc doth my shaken ship her ancker cast.

FINIS.

THE







THE SECOND BOOKE.

sing to Raaen, twice twice to say,
 My toyles are pitcht, & I haue caught my praye;
 Let the glad Louer crowne my head with bayes
 And before old blind Homer Ouid praise.
 So did king Priams sonne exulting skip,
 With the faire rauish'd Hellen in his ship;
 So did he finde that in his chariot runne,
 And Victor like the bright Alanta wonne.
 Whether away young man thy barke is lost,
 Et in the mid-sea farre from any coaft,
 It is not enough to thee by my new art,
 To finde a Lady that commandes thy heart,
 The reach of my inuention is much deeper,
 By art thou her shalt win, by art thou keope her,
 How difficult it is by art to blinde her,
 O thy desires, as at the first to finde her.
 This consifts the substance of my skill,
 Cupid and Venus both affit me still.
 And gratiuous Erato my stile prepare,
 Thou art the muse that haft of Louer's cure,
 Promise wondrous things, I will explaine,
 SICKLE thoughts in loue may faint remaine.

Paris.
Ptolemy.

And how the wag in feters may be hurld,
 That strayes and wandres round about he world:
 Yet is loue light and hath too wings to fly:
 Tis hard to outstriue him mounting the skie.
 What Minos to his guest alwayes denied,
 A desperate palsege through the aire he tried:
 As Dedalus the Labyrint hath built,
 In which to shut the Queenes Palaphae guilt.
 Kneeling he layes, iust Miras end my mones,
 And let my nature country shord my bores.
 Grant me grea king, what yet the fates deny,
 And where I haue not liued o let me die:
 Or if dread Soueraigne I deserue no grace,
 Looke with a pitious eye on my childs face.
 And gant him loue, from whence we are exilde,
 Or putry me, if you de y my childe.
 This and much more he layes, but all in vaine:
 Both sonne and fire still doth the king deraine.
 Whiche he perceiuing, sa d, now now tis fit,
 To gue the world cause to acoutre thy wit:
 The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
 Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight:
 Onelie the ayre remaines, then let vs trie,
 To cut a palsege through the aire and skie:
 Loue be suspitious to my enterprize,
 I couet not to mount above the skies,
 But make this refuge since I can prepare,
 No meanes to flie my Lord, but through the aires
 Make me immortall, bring me to the brim,
 Of the blacke Stygian waters, Styx Ile swim.
 Oh humane wit thou canst invent much ill,
 Thou searchest strange ars who would think by skil
 A heauie man like a light bird should flay,
 And through the empie heavens find a lit way.

He placeth in iust order all his quils,
 Whose bottoms with resolued wax he fills?
 Then bindes them with a line, and being fast tide,
 He placeth them like oares on either side.
 The little lad the downie feath' is blew,
 And what his father wrough: he nothing knew:
 The wax he softened with the strings he plaid,
 Not thinking for his sholders they were made:
 To whom his father spake, and then lookt pale,
 With these swift shps we to our land must saile,
 All passage now doth cruell *Minos* stop,
 Only the empty aire he still leaues ope:
 That way must we, the land and the rough deepe,
 Doth *Minos* barre the aire, he can not keepe,
 But in the way beware thou set no tie,
 On the signe *Virgo* nor *Bootes* hie:
 Looke not the blacke *Orion* in the face,
 That beares a sword, but iust with me keepe place,
 By wings are now in fastning, follow me,
 Will before thee flie, as thou shalt see.
 Thy father mount or stoepe, so I arred thee,
 Take me thy guide and lastly I will lead thee.
 If we should soare too neare great *Phœbus* scate,
 The melting wax will not endure the heate.
 Or if we fly too neare the humid seas,
 Our moistened wings we shall not shake with easse,
 By betweene both and with the gusts that rife,
 And by light bodie falle amidst the skies.
 And euer as his little sonne he charmes,
 He fitts the feathers to his tender armes,
 And shewes him how to moue his body light,
 Birds do teach the little young ones flight:
 By this he calls a counsell of his wits
 He layd his owne wings vnto his shoulders fift.

Being about to rise he fearefull quakes,
 And in his new way his faint body shakes:
 But ere he tooke his flight he kist his sonne,
 Whilst flouds of tears downe by his checks did run.
 There was a hillock not so high and tall,
 As lofy mountains be: nor yet so small:
 To be with vallies even, and yet a hill,
 From this they both attempt their vncouth skil's.
 The father moues his wings and with respect,
 His eyes upon his wandring sonne reflect.
 They beare a spatiouse course and the apt boy,
 Fearlesse of harmes in his new tract doth joy.
 And flies more boldly now vpon them lookes,
 The fishermen that angle in the brookes.
 And with their eyes cast vpwards frighted stand,
 By this is Samos Isle on ther left hand:
 With Maxos, Pares, Delphos, and the rest,
 Fearlesse they take the course that likes them best
 Vpon the right hand Easintos they forsake.
 Now Aſpeles with thy fishie lake:
 Shadic Packinne full of woods and groves:
 When the rash boy to bold in ventring roues,
 Loses his guide, and rakes his flight so hie.
 That the soft wax against the Swanne doth fly.
 And the cords ſlip that made the feathers fast,
 So that his armes haue power vpon no blafs:
 He fearefull from the high clouds looks downe,
 Vpon the lower beaucens wholc curld waves from
 At his ambitious height, and from the skies,
 He fees black night and death before his eyse.
 Now melteth the wax his naked arme he shake,
 And ſeeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
 But now the naked lad downe headlong falls,
 And by the way he father; father calls?

Helps father, helpe he cries, and as he speaks
 A violent waue his course of language breakes,
 The vnhappy father, but no father now,
 Cryes out aloud, sonne Icarus where art thou?
 Where art thou Icarus? where dost thou fly?
 Icarus where art? when straight he doth elpie,
 The feathers swimme, thus loud he doth exclame,
 The earth his bones, the sea still keepes his name.
 Minos could not restrant a man from flight,
 But winged Cupid be he nere so light.

*Use in
Charmes*

He gulls himselfe that seekes to witches craft,
 Or with a young colts forehead make a draft.
 No power in wise Medeaus potions dwells,
 Nor drowned poysons mixt with magick spels.
 The power of Loue is not inforc'd by these,
 For were it so, then had Esonides.

*No Magick
potions*

Scene stayd by Phasis, and Plisse kept,
 Who stole from Circe, while the inchantresse slept.
 These charmed drags moves madnesse: hures the
 To paine pure loue, pure loue returne again. (brain
 Mischieuous thoughts eschew to purchase grace.

*Use many
vers.*

Manners pretuailes more then a beautious face,
 And yet the Nymbes the loue of Nilus seeke,
 And Homer doats on Nienreus the faire Greeke,
 But trust not thou the beautie to keepekind,
 Thy mistris seekes the beauty of thy minde
 All outward beautie fades at yeares increase,
 Then so it weares away and waxeth lesse,
 Beautie in her owne course is oueriaken,
 The violet now fresh is, strait forsaken.
 Nor allwayes do the Lilles of the field,
 The gloriouſ beauties of their object yeeld,
 The fragrant roſe once pluckt the briery thronc,
 Shows rough & naked, on which the rose was born

Oh thou most faire, white haires come on apace,
 And wrinkled furrowes which will plough thy face.
 Instruct thy oule, thy shouthe haue perfect made,
 These beauties last till death, all others fade.
 To lib. ral artis thy carefull howers apply,
 Learne many tonges with their true Euphonys
Vlisses was not faire but eloquent,
 Yet to his Loue the Sea Nymphes did consent.
 How often did the Witch his stay implore,
 Making the Seas vntit for layle or care:
 She prad him of, because he spake so well,
 Ouer and ouer Troyes sad tale to tell.
 Whilst he with pitby words and fluent phrases
 Recet the selfe same storie diuers wayes:
Calips as they on th' See donke stood,
 Casting their eyes vpon the neighbouring flood:
 Desires the tall and bloody act to heare,
 Wrought by the *Ordision* Captaunes sword & spear
 Then holding twixt his fingers a white wand,
 What the requests he drawes vpon the sande:
 Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he painte,
 Thinke *Smois* this imagine thele my tentes
 There was a place in which *Dolen* was slaine,
 Abou the vrgill watch when with the raine
 The *Hemorian* horses play, and as he speakes,
 To counterfeite that place the sand he breakes,
 Here *Scibian Rb.* sus tentes are pict on high,
 This way his herten en slaine, returned he
 More did he draw, when on the sudaine low,
 A clming wave the shore doth ouerflow.
 And a her drops amidst his workes doth fall,
 It washeth awy his tentes his *Troy* and all
 To which the Goddess doates *Vlisses* try,
 These sensekisse violent waues that clime so hie;

And

And wile thou with these waters be annoyed,
By which so great names are so soone destroyed.
Then tru't no idle shape, it will decay,
Beke inward beauty, such as last for aye:

Sweere affibillity will enter farre
In to a womans breast, when scorne breeds warre.
We hate the hawke and hath her fleshe to eate,
Because by rapine she doth get her meate.
The Woolfe we haue, and envy all her stocke,
Because the Lambe she kils, and spoiles the flockes.
But none the gentle swallow layes to eare,
The louing stockes within our turrets hatch,
Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,
Loue with kind language and faire speeches peedes
Strife makes the married couple often iarde:

The man with wife, the wife with man to warre:
Leaue brauls to wiues they are their mariage do.
And with kinde words salute thy Paramore (wer,
When by appointment you shall meete in bed,
By the lawes done, you are not thyn her led
Strict statutes from such actions still withdraw,
Yet your abounding loue supple the Law:
Bring louing speeches to enchant the eare,
And moving words such as she iores to heart:

I am not Tutor vnto him tha's rich,
My precepts soare not to so high a pitch.
The Louer that's endow'd with gold or tee,
And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.
He that at every word can take supply,
Hath in that every word more wit then I
We yeld to him he that their laps can fill.
Teache h an art that goes beyond my skill.
My Muse instructs poore Louers wanting pelfe,
For when I lou'd I was but poore my selfe.

Be affable

Sbun fir

Be louis

Still as my purse no store of crownes affords,
 I in the stead of rich gifts give fair word:
 Be scarfull you poore louers to dispase,
 Be patient to endure things against your case,
 Things that the rich would scorne, it was my hap:
 Once as my head lay in my misfirs lap:
 To grew inrag'd, when straight I fell to beate her,
 To rouse her ordered locks and ill intreate her.
 But what ensude oh God, much griefe it cost me,
 Many sweet dayes, many sweet nights it lost aye.
 Whether I toucht her cloathes, I might deny,
 She sayes I tore them, I some new must buy:
 You Schollers by your Masters harmes beware,
 Thesells by him already proued are.
 Make against the Partians warre, but to thy Loue
 Being concord peace, and all things that can moue:
 Though at the first you finde him but vt toward,
 Bear it, and she in time will proue lesse foward.
 The crooked arme that from the tree is cut.
 By gentle vsage is made strane, but pull
 Such violence is it as thy strength deliueres
 And thou wilt breake the shott wood into shiuers.
 By industry then maist ore swimm a flood,
 Whose raging currant else is scarce withlood.
 By industry the Tigres gently grow:
 And the wild Lions may be tamed so.
 The savage Bull whose fierce ire doth prouoke,
 By industry is brought vnto the yoke:
 Arcadias Atalans was most cruelle,
 At length came one whom she estorm'd her leuell.
 Oh wept Hippomarus at his mishap,
 And her senecty who sought to intrapt
 Her harmlesse Loue is, oft, at her fierce becke,
 He laid betwixt his shoulders and her necke.

The toyles for sauage Beasts; and with his speare,
He pierst such venam'd cattell as came neare:
To such hard taskes I do not thee compell
To arme thy body against Monsters fell.
In the wide wildernesse to seeke out broyles,
Nor on thy necke to beare the guilefull toyles.
My imposition is not severer:
No such aduentures are inioyned her.

This onely meanes all dangers will disperse:
Yeeld her her humour when she goes perverse:

Humor her.

What she in conference argues, argue thou,

What she approves, in selfesame words allow,
Say what she saies, deny what she denies,
If she laugh, laugh, if she weepe wet thine eyas.

And let thy countenance be to thine a law,
To keepe thy actions and thy lookees in awe:

Or if thou hand to hand shalt play at dice,
At tables or at chests by some deuile,

*Loose to her
at game.*

Let her depart a Conquerour else'twere finne,

What gladly thou wouldest loole, that let her win.

Let thy officious hand then beare her fan. (man) *Bear her
sense.*

When thou shalt chance her through the streets to
Make thy supporting arm to hers a stay,

Through throngs and pressis vsher her the way.

As she ascends her bed let her a staire.

By which to clime and every thing prepare:

That she may see them done without offence,

Reach thou her pantesles or take them thence.

And standing by to watch her while she rests,

Warne thy cold hands betwixt her panting brests

Not thinke it base, twill please though it be base,

To hold the glasse ynto thy Mistris face.

He that deseru'd within those haunches to carry:

Which he before vpon his backe did carry.

Hercules

Performing

Performing more then *Iuno* could command him
 So wrong, that no fierce master could withstand him
 Even he *All ides Iulus*. Grace to win.
 Shapt like a woman did both card and spin.
 Go thou, and in his seruill place proceed,
 And gaine as faire a mittis for thy meed:
 Art thou injoynd at such an hower to be,
 In the great *Fo-um* where she waites for thee.
 Haste thy weary steps and thank thy fxe,
 Come there beumes depart not thence till late:
 Bids she thee go, all busynesse lay apart,
 Run, till with extreame heate thou melt thy heart.
 Sups she abroad, and wanis she one to attend her,
 Backe to her lodgynge, it will not offend her:
 To wait her at the laine place in the porch,
 And light her home dire fly with a torch:
 Is she in the Country, and commandys thee come,
 Hast thou no coach vpon thy ten toes run.
 Let neither winter blast nor stormes of haile,
 Nor the hot thirsie dogstarre let thee faile:
 Shun neither heate nor cold but see thou g^r,
 Though every step, thou treadst knee deep in snow.
 Loue is a kynde of war, all such depart,
 As beare a timorous or a floathfull heart. (ons,
 Nights, winters, long waies, watching griele in nilli.
 Torments Loues souldiers in their soft pavilions:
 On cold ground thou must lie, beare many a shew
 When the heauens open and the floudgates powr.
 So *Phabus* when *Ametus* sheepe he kept,
 In a thach cottage on the cold flower slept.
 Wha Phabus did, who may it not beleeme,
 Better then Phabus of himselfe esteeme:
 What mortall louer dare, then sloth despise,
 You that confirm'd and lasting loue deuise.

If at the outward gate a watch stand entry,
 Or say the bolts or locks deny the entry (cralle,
 Search some strange passage; through a casement
 Or by a cord downe from the chimney fall.
 Thee in her louing armes the straine will take,
 Reioyning how wouldest hazard for her sake:
 Every vaine feare and danger thou dost proue,
 In a faire plede and token of thy loue.
 Oft had *Lander* without *Hiro* slept,
 To find his loue into the sea he leapt.
 Thinke it no shame the fauour to deserue,
 Of every Maid that doth thy Mistres serue:
 Salute them by their names in curteus sort,
 For the eare they that can preseire thy sport,
 And more and more into their grace to grow,
 Some trifling gifts on each of them bestow:
 Especially regard her smilles or frownes-
 Whose office is to brishe her Mistres gownes
 To her make meanes, for she is gromme portier,
 Both to her bed, and such as do reserue her:
 Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee send her,
 I meane thy loue, but knacks of valie slender:
 As when the orchard boughes are clad with fruite,
 In some choice dish from thence commed by lute
 And let the little page that beares them lay,
 Though theru perhas hast bought them by the way
 These pears, or plums, or graps which I present you
 As his first fruities were by Mistres sent you.
 Or bothe they hazell nuts, or chesentis great,
 Even such as *Amarillis* lou'd to eate.
 Or a young *Turke*, there will shew thy harts
 These gifts send treuly, lay thy gold apart:
 Such presents never bring men to disaire,
 To vntimely age, or to tormenting care.

Harvard
ms. C. 2. 1.

To use bes
maides.

*What gif
to send*

O let them amongst others rot and perish,
 That hate mens person, and their presence cherish,
 What shall I bid thee send her, meeter times,
 Alas, they find small honour in these times,
 Verses they praise, but gold they most require,
 If rich, though harboured he commands desire;
 This is the golden age, not that of old,
 Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
 Though Homer bring the Muses in the traine,
 Yet without gold he may retire again:
 Some girles their be but they be passing few,
 Worthy to rancke amongst that learned crew.
 Others unlearned there are yet would be held,
 As if in skill in iudgement they exceld:
 Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile,
 Of sweetest posse their worthes compilte:
 Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteeme,
 And like a slight gift thy sweet verses seeme.
 What thou intend'st to do by some fine feate,
 Cause of thy Lady may of thee entreat.
 Art thou by covenant tide, and must it be,
 That thou of force must set thy servant free:
 Contrive it so, that it she dare protest,
 Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
 Art thou for any rash offence affwag'd,
 So make thy peace, that she may be ingag'd:
 Do as thy profit leades thee and yet so,
 That she for euery thing thou dost may owe.
 And through that hast attain'd by passions deele,
 Thy Ladies grace and wouldst her fauour keepe.
 Make her beleue still when thou view'st her faire
 Through all the world she is the fairest creature.
 If cloth of Tire the weare that habit laid,
 Her Tertian vesture with thy tongue applaud.

If silke which we from rich Arabie trauiale,
 Sware such attire cannot be found through Affrike.
 If cloth of gold she weare, tush gold is base,
 If you compare her habit to her face.
 If in the cold she but a freezegowne weare,
 Then her perfection makes that garment deare.
 Is she compleatly drest, and rapt with joy?
 Cry out aloud my heart burnes bright as Troy.
 Doth she above her forehead part her haire?
 That louely scene doth make her twice as faire.
 Are her curl'd locks in carelesse tresses dangled?
 In these crisper knots thy heart must be intangled.
 If she doth dance, admire her active feare,
 If sing then wonder at her voice so sweet.
 But when she ceaseth, eitherthen complaine,
 Intreating her to try her skill againe.
 Do this and were her heart as hard as braffe,
 Or more obdurate then Medusaes was,
 Yet she in time shall be compeld to yeild,
 And thou depart a Conqueror from the field.
 Onely beware of too apparent flattery,
 It will destroy the sledge and tedious battery.
 Dissembling with Art, tempered much imports,
 Else from all future credit it debrotes.
 In Autumnne when the yeare is in his pride,
 And the grape full with wine red's on the bide,
 When the cleare aire keeps a deuided seate,
 Affording sometimes cold and sometyme heate.
 Women are prone to loue healthfull and quicke,
 But if by chance thy Lady be faine sicke,
 Make both thy loue, zeale, faith, & all things cheap,
 Then sow what with full sickle thou maiest reap.
 Cast all about her longing thoughts to please,
 Seeme not as if thou lothest her diseases.

*Her danc
Her voic*

Employ

Employ thy hand in each thing done to her,
 These offices even of themselves will woe her;
 Let her behold thee wepe as thou standes by
 That she may drinke each teare falls from thy eie,
 Vow manie things, bat all in publicke stile.
 Tell her thy pleasing dreames soe make her smile.
 And let the trembling nurse thought fit to watch,
 Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match;
 Let her peruse the bed and make it sorte,
 Whilst with thy hand thou turnst & rearst her ofte:
 These are the easie footsteps thou maist tread,
 Which haue made way to manie a wanton bed;
 No such faire office can with hate be stained,
 Ra her by thys affection is so ne gaigned.
 But minister no drugs of bittere juice,
 Such let the riuall temper to his vse.
 Now greater gusts must to my Barke give motion,
 Being from the shoure launche forth into th'ocean,
 Young loue at first is weake and craves forbearing,
 But in contumanece gathers strengthe by wearring:
 Yon moodie bull of whom thou art afraid
 Be no but a calfe thou with his hornes hast plaid.
 That tree beneath whose branches thou doft stand
 To sheld thee from a storme was once a wand.
 A River at the first not once a stride,
 Increaseth as he runs his waters wide,
 Receiving in Fresh brookes in divers rankes,
 Till he in pride haue overflowne his banks,
 Vice to converse with her, the speeder knowes,
 What strength from custom & acquaintance glows
 F equent her often, be from her sold away,
 Keepe in her care and eie both night and day,
 And yet sometimes from these thou maist desse,
 'Tis good one should be asked for being mist

Be absent from her some conuenient season,
And let her rest a while it is but reason.

*Be absent
from her.*

The field being sowne ar'd returnes vs treble gaine,
After great drough, the earth carrouses raine;
Phillis did loue Demophoon but not done,
Until she saw his flying shipp a floate.

Penelope her absent Lord did mournes,

Wifles.

So I ademiad d till the returne,

Other deare spouse but be not long away.

Cares per sh: new leue er te's by delay.

When Menelaus from his houle is gone,

Poore Hellen is afraid to lie alone;

And to allay her feares lodg'd in her breast,

In her wome boome she receives her gueit.

What madnesse was it Menelaus say,

Thon art abroad whilst in thy houle c'oth stay,

Vneler the self same roose thy guest and Loue,

Madman vnto the Hawke to wreake the Done.

And who but such a gull would giue to keepe,

Vnto the mountaine wofe full tolds of sheepe,

Hellen is blameless, so is Parisico,

And did what thou or I my selfe would do.

The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,

By limiting these louers time and place,

From thee the seed of all thy wrongs a'e growne,

Whose counsell hath she followed but thy owne.

Alas what should she do, abroad thou art,

At home thou leau'st thy guest to play thy part

To lie alone the poore wench is afraid,

In the next roone e'an amorous stranger laid,

Her armes are open to embrase him he falls in,

And Paris l acquit thee of thy sinnes

Neither the bristled Boare in his fierce wrath,

Torne by the rauenous dogs more anger hath.

*Woman's
rage.*

Nor

Nor tha the Lion hid within some ale,
 Seeking her lost whelp, hid within some brake,
 Nor the shrot Viper doth more anger threaten,
 Whom som synarie hool hath crushit and beaten.
 Then a fierce woman shewes her selfe in mind,
 Her dearest in adulterous armes to find.
 Oh then she swells, her fierd eie burnes apace,
 And you may see her thoughts writ in her face:
 Through swordes, through slames she rushes ther,
 So grieuous but she acts it with her will: (no iii.
 This breakes all mutuall loue though well com-
 pounded,
 This destroies all, though nere so firmelie groun-
 ded.

Medea did her husbands guilt reparie,
 And with her iudeicie hand abfizetis slay.
 Yon Swallow which thou seest was such another,
 Before her transformation a fierce mother:
 And that he deeds may yet be vnderstood:
 The feathers of her breast were staind with bloud
 But for all this I taske not thy affection,
 Of one, and her alone to make election:
 You Gods defend the fards should prove so deepe,
 Thise married men haue much adoe to keepe.
 Play you the wantons, but being done conceale it,
 And by no braue or foolish boasts reueale it.
 Moseic at no certaine houre, glue no knowne gift,
 Thy vsuall place of meeting often shifte:
 It may be fewoud disturbers some may send thee,
 And spialls may be set to apprehend thee.
 And when thou writeſt peruse thy letter knitt,
 Before thou ſend ſome, take things at the worſt.
 Venus being wrong'd, makſ war ſtill mouing sorrow
 Who late from others griefe their mirth did borrow
 Whil

While Agamemnon liv'd with one consent,
 His wife was chaste and never it repents
 His secret blows her heart did so trouble,
 Warlike a sword she with the scabbard strove,
 She heares of Chirles and the many lures,
 About Liones to increase the warre,
 And therefore meete to range the Lady charmes,
 To take Thistles in her amorous armes.
 If when thou hast gone on thy nighty armes
 The act by circumstance depeales too apparent
 Deny it sledastly, what ere they know,
 And boldly face them that it was not so,
 Be not so sad or oft too muchfull cheare,
 Least imthy countenance thy deale appere,
 In thy clole meetings vse thy mind full,
 It may perhaps abyde to intrude be,
 And after so repulsed seale the fore,
 But venture not too rashly on thy Spouse,
 Many there be by whos evn kill all entones,
 You are proferred strong druge and diuers poisons
 To make you histicke they are poysons all,
 To infecthe body and inflame the galle,
 Pepper with burning menthe seed they minne,
 Of bastard pellitory some few stiches
 Which beaten and in old winc drunk vp cleane,
 Malicious pichfull men abof their Standardes bower
 The Goddesses thus beneath high Swynges
 Unto her pleasure no such bloud conuertes
 Whine stallions brought you from Mayence,
 With garden fags and fallen woddy wreathes
 Take new laid eggs, freddelany from the Bane,
 Pine apple nuts full ripe, an which no drise of greate,
 This holde some fare breake stongly, corrupt or eth
 What hath my Art to do with ty baillif Rongay.

Thou that bus now iust hid thy guilt to hide,
 Turnes from that course boast and in it take pte.
 Nor blame the lightnesse of thy Tutors mind,
 You see we do not saile still with one wind,
 Sometimes ihe East, and when his fury failes
 West, North and South by turne doth iheir soles
 The Charier driver sometimes stakes his raines,
 Sometimes againe boles he refus aines.
 Many there be which calmes much doth blind,
 And if ihe abide a riuall grow unkinds
 Prosperity makes huma[n]e minds grow ranck,
 Themselves to know, or their great God to thank,
 Nor is it held an easie task to find,
 Men that all fortunes bear with equall mind.
 As fire, his strenght being wasted hides his head,
 In the white ashes sleeping though not dead.
 And when a suddaine blast doth come by chance,
 Spare fire and light all wake as from a trance.
 So when with ilcalt and rest the spirits grow bluns
 Love must be quenchid evn as fire is wort.
 Make her to leare, and to looke pale sometime,
 By shewing her some instance of thy crimes
 Which she suspeched erst in some strange vaines,
 Must she abide whilsi sledgy guilt complaines.
 No sooner the report of this affiles her,
 But colour, voice, and euery face strait feller her.
 Then I am he whose face she madly traues,
 Whom she desir to haue straight by the ears
 Hate me she must and yet good God she may not,
 Whousre a lie she will thinke but cannot.
 Dwell nos upon this passion, but at lensib.
 Make peaces in little time and gather strenght,
 By this her white neck with thy arms imbrace,
 Driuing the starn that tricke downe her face.

The honye weeping, her yet weeping flow,
 All the proud sweets the Queen of loue doth know.
 This makes true concord in her grossesse rage,
 These spurs alone her passion can allay.
 Peare goes vnauid & knows not warlike armes
 That happy peace is knowne among all Nations
 Doves by their nobring songs shew their good will,
 But now they fought & now they toyne their bills.
 The first confused Maistre no order knaw,
 Earth Sea and Hoauen, had all one face, one hewe,
 Straie was the heauens the earth large couering,
 The shore guire in the Sea not to intrade,
 Either in others boundis thon ebars east,
 And each thing in their severall part increas,
 The woods receive the bant, are the birds take,
 Fylle the Sea choise and the land forlakte,
 Man wandes in the field and knows no art,
 Meare strength his body rules, meare lust his hart,
 Grous were his skies, shadowed bows his dwelling,
 Water his drinke all other drinke excelling,
 And long it was ere man the woman knew,
 Till pleasure did their appetites purifie,
 And then upon these vngrown sweets the vnoord.
 Wher e many amazement fore was scald and enterred
 Art they had none, no man then plaid the Sutar,
 But lay with her and lie d without a tutor,
 Euen some bird doth with another toy,
 And the male fift doth with the female joy,
 The Hart the Doe doth follow, serpents to
 Are with the serpent held their seate to down,
 The hounds in their adulrate parts were full,
 The myfull Ewe receives the Ram at last,
 The Cow with losy bellowing mee is the Bull,
 And the ranke he Goate finds the female milke

The Mare so my the valiant horses (Muses)
 Swims over fards, and doth large pastures forrage
 To thy offended loue give this strong potion,
 And perfect friendship faire succourst the moron.
 This medicine rightly took all hate expelle,
 Apply it when others it farre excelle,
 And warre winnig, los the God of fire,
 Appearas, and with his thunbe he strok his lire.
 In his right hand a branch of Lawrell grew,
 A Lawrell chaplet I might likewise view,
 Cane he know, though all men do not know it,
 This knowes the Sunnes God Phabas is a Poet.
 Who after remouing of his hcad thus spake
 Mistre of Loue, thy amorous Scholler erate,
 And lead them to my temple built on high,
 There's an old Sunne knoune in every tide,
 Which by his Charfts doth plainly shew
 That every man must leare himselfe to knowe
 Alone he wilfully loues that can do so.
 He that is faire may shew his amorous face,
 Whose shame is white to do him colour encrease.
 Ly naked with his necke and shoulder bare,
 Lechham than silence, whose discouerfe is rare.
 He bat sings, sing by art, that drinke drinke so,
 By art and without chancing nothing do.
 Let not the loued in their wortlesse woe,
 Nor the vaine Poet pranc of his sumptuous
 So Phabas wrang, Phabas him selfe none said it,
 And his loues words are worthy to loue credit.
 To comise more neare the Louer then I did wifely,
 If therany phrasset be oblique prouifely,
 Shal reach him with diff'rent bringes and still importa
 nships when the winds heyp in, their entente do

Few be our helpers, but many be our troubles,
 Small is our forderance which our feete full of troubles
 A Louer must endure much pride besides,
 For every Hare in Albe that abides,
 For every berry that the Olive yeeldes,
 For every spike of grasse sprong in the feldes
 For every shell strowed on the salt foa shore,
 Loue hath one griefe to taft, and ten griefes more.
 And told that she abode, but now did wonder,
 Yet in the window seft her with her Pandas.
 Blame thou thine eies, for it shall much trouble thee,
 Think not that newes, but that thy eiesight faild
 thee,

Locks the the doore she promised to lemes open,
 O thinke not she deceiptfully hath spoken.
 Take vp thy loding make thy bed thy floord,
 Thy pillow the cold threshold of the doorg.
 Perhaps a Maide from high may cast a floure,
 And aske what's he doth keep the gates without,
 Yet both the Maide and ryde poits do thou know,
 Brinkling the seats and portalls with rose water,
 If she call come if bid thee go, then trudge.
 Railles flat upon thine, doth she call thee drudge,
 May doth she knocke thee, beate it, it is meere,
 Nor scorns it though she bid thee fill her feare,
 Dwell on trifles, greater amouert heare,
 To which these people bind a generall care
 On strickes impositions now we enter,
 Wroake is still employed no hard aduenter,
 Small brooke so this, and by Isser power,
 How art intirong'd a Compton in his towre,
 I thinke me not a man that thus doth teach,
 Some rough hew'd gate doth this hard accouning
 present.

This is the hardest thing I can impose ther,
 If she deſire brape it, iſſe ſhowes alſe
 Her hand; for beane to read it every day,
 When ſhe callis come, when ſhe commandis thee ſay.
 This even the married no lead peacefull liues,
 Art art enforc'd to endure of their faire wiues.
 I am not perfect I muſt needs conſefte,
 In this my art, though I this art preſeſte,
 What ſhall I then my word I cannot keepe,
 I haue no power to ſwim a ſea ſo deepe,
 Shall any kiff my Lady I beina by,
 And to his throat ſhall I not madly fly,
 Shall any beken to her and I beare it,
 Shall any courz her and I ſtand to hearē it
 I ſaw one kiff my Miftris I complained,
 And ange all my vitall ſpirits conſtrained
 My loue alas with Barbarisme abound,
 And doth my wits and ſpirits whilc confounds
 That Witoll is much better ſkild then I,
 Who ſees ſuch fight, and patiently stands by.
 To keepe the room where ſuch things are in place,
 Despoiles the front of shamefaſtneſſe and gracer,
 Then oh you young men though you come to view
 Your looſes beguile you, do not think it true
 Againſt all censures I eneſt hold this plea,
 It is not good to take them aſſe in aſſe
 Where two are takeu napping both alike,
 Their mutuall guilt makes them the ouner strike,
 This tale through heauen is blazd how vnyars
 Venus and Mars was taken in Vultan, ſnares
 The God of war doth in hiſ brow diſcouer
 The perieſe and true patterne of a Layer,
 Nor could the Godeſſe Venus be in ceuell,
 To deny Mars, for kindcſſe is a leuell.

In any woman, and become her well,
 In this the Queen of Love doth most excell.
 Oh God, how often have they mockt and flouted,
 The smiths polt-foot, which nothing the misdoubt
 Made iest by him and by his besimed tract, (red:
 And his somoud vissage black with goledust made.
 Mars tickled with lound laughter when he saw,
 Venus like Vutax limpe, and hair, and draw,
 One fondehinde another with a grace,
 To counterfeit his odde and yn even pace.
 Their meeting first they did conceale with scare,
 From euery searching eye and captives care.
 The God of war and his lasciuious Dame.
 In publicke view were full of bashfull shame.
 But the Sunne spies how this sweet paire agote,
 Oh that bright Phœbus can be hid from thee.
 The Sunne both fees and blabs the sight forthwith,
 And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith,
 Oh Sunne wh^t bad example dost thou shew,
 Whatzou in secrete seest must all men know.
 For silence ask a bribe from her faire creature, (sure
 She'l grant thee that shal make thee swel with plea.
 The god whose face is bloudg'd with smot and fire,
 Placeth about the bed a net of wire.
 So quicly made that it deceives the eye,
 Start as he faines to Lemnos he must lie:
 The louers meet where lie the traine hath set,
 And both lay eac^t within the wiery net.
 He calls the Gods, the louers naked spraule
 And cannot rise, the Queene of Love the w^ts all.
 Mars chases, and Venus weepes, neither can flinch
 Grappled they lye, in vain they kicke and winche
 Their legs are one within anothers ry'd,
 Their hinds so fast that they can nothing hide.

Among these high speckl'd ston's once by chance,
 That saw them cast in this prifall dance.
 Thus to him he said, if that is tedious he,
 Good God of warre below thy place am I.
 Scarce as thy prayers god Neptune ha' unbound the
 But would haue left the, as the gods ther found the
 The nets vntide, Mars strain repaires to Clet,
 Venus to Pentes, after that they meet.
 What did this help thet Vulcan shall I tell theo,
 Vnto more gracie and rage it will compell theo:
 The publicke meeting which at first thame couers
 Is now made free, who knowes not they be louers.
 There is no hope they shold be now reclam'd,
 Worse then they haue been, how shold they be
 O! thy rash deed it often doth repent theo, (thou'd
 Mad'art thou in thy mind, yet must content theo:
 This I forbid you so doth *Venus* too,
 It harm'd her, and she forwarnez it you.
 Lay for thy riuall then no secret snare,
 Nor intercept his token's vñaware,
 Lenthose close prankes by such iust men be tride,
 That are by fire and water purifie.
 Behold once more I give you all to know,
 Saue wanton loues my art doth nothing shewe,
 No gowern'd Matron well and chastly guided,
 I here protest is in my verie derid.
 What prophane man art, ev're knees dare smile,
 Or blab her secrets kept in Sennet ile.
 Silence is held a vertue, Silence then,
 Tels calme and blabe, Sir, *Venus* hateth such men:
 For blabbing *Ventulus* is plac'd in hell,
 And there must ever end for ever dwelle.
 Hungry, whilst ripened fruit hangeth by his lip,
 Thirsty, whilst water by his chin doth slip:
 But

But *Venitius* defines then any other, if he can
 His secret miseries and rights to smother,
 I charge you let no tell-tale bosome come,
 Such amongst mankin there must needs be some;
 Whether her vapours from aueue care that lifts,
 And locks her secretes vp in frozen cheste,
 In their new births till pleasures buried lie,
 Twixt vs they grow, betwixt vs let them die.
 Her naked parts, if she to any shewes,
 Her readiest hand to shadow them she throwes,
 The shameless beasts in common field do stray,
 And seek their generation at moone day.
 Which Maides by chance espying, cry oh spight,
 And through their fingers looke to see the fight,
 But when our Lenes with his mistis meets,
 Haue hedy & doores shut twixt them and the streets
 With clothes & vailes their nauidnes they shroud
 Wishing the bright Sunne hid behind somē loud
 Even in those daies when men on Acorns fed,
 And the greene turf was made the generall bed.
 When no thought cottage or poore houle was buil-
 ded.
 By which from heate of cold they might be shiel-
 ded.
 Into the woods and caues the people went
 And their sweet pleasures there remorely spent.
 In the Spannes presence they shew'd nothing bares
 The rudeſt and moſt barbarous had hit care.
 As loath the day ſhould view their publick shame,
 Now to their nighty actions they give names,
 Marquines and priue is made in all their doing,
 And nothings coste vs dearer then our wonges.
 Let not alay talke be when thou comſt in place,
 To ſay ſhe, ſhe, or that wench did me grace.

No. 11.

Or

Or point then with thy finger, it may fall
 Thus thou maist loschir whom thou louest & all,
 Others there be from street to street do wander,
 And innocent women in their shoppes do slander,
 Forging of them they know not many a tyg,
 Which were they true the gladly would deny:
 For who command not they their spoile is such,
 Whose breast they cannot told their name the wch
 Go then thou odious Pander that keeps whorts,
 A thousand locks hang fast vpon thy doores,
 Part of her honest canst thou keepe within,
 When her whole name abroad is full of sinnes,
 Do not their wanton wifes make them nought,
 When they desire to be as they are thought,
 Sincarest Loues we sparingly do teach,
 Yet like no publicke craft their names impeach,
 Dissemble every fault in their complections,
 Hat not in womens teeth their impecfctions.
 I wish you rather smother them, then blame them,
 They loue if you praise them, hate if shat them.
 Andromeda was belly sides and backe,
 To Perseus seen, he did not tearme her blacke.
 Andromeda she was of to haue a stature,
 One lowing Helle pral'd her gifts of nature:
 And lik'd her scife, at the first despised,
 Seem not so grossie when men be well aduised,
 Continuance and acquaintance wears away,
 Such spors as are apparant the first day.
 A young plant clothed in a tender rinde,
 Cannot withstand the fury of the wind,
 But when his bark is growne, he scorcs each blast,
 In spite of whom he grows and bears at last,
 Every succeeding week and following day,
 Takes from acquainted looks a staine away.

necessary
 seruantes
 a bower.

And

And what to day a grosse blot thou wouldest give
 To morrow in thy eye appears much less.
 Young Heifers cannot be tickt to beare,
 The same and lustie Bull for the first yeaer
 But their society acquaints the smell,
 After continuance they can brooke it well.
 Then favour their disgraces and relieve them,
 Blemishes helpe by the good names you give them
 To her whose skin is blake as Ebbe was,
 I haue said ere now, Oh 'tis a good browne lass.
 Or if she look a squint, as I am true,
 So Venus looks if she be blacke of hew,
 Pales for the world like Pallas be the growne:
 Yellow by heauens Minerva vp and downe:
 If she be tall then for her height commend her,
 She that is leane like Envy terme her slender:
 She that is dwarfish name her light and quick,
 And calibber well set grabbed thick,
 Shewthat is pust like boves in the cheek,
 Is but full fac'd, and Daphne she is like:
 Thus qualifie their faults, not to disgrace them,
 But in a higher rank of beantie place them:
 Or haphest thou of but one dimme of sight,
 Wrinkled her brow, her grised haire turnd white
 Her nose and chin hallo mete she would take Icorn
 To tell who Counsell was when she was borne.
 Then if to such thy loue thou wile engage,
 Looke that at no time thou doft aske her age.
 Though she want teeth and haue a flattering tong
 Yet she takes paines to be counted young,
 This is the age young men that brings the gaine:
 And plentious harvest of the springides paine,
 Employ your selues then in your youth & st. strength
 Age with a fonspace annies en you at length.

Spend

Spend them the youth at Sea or till the land,
 Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand.
 Follow the wars, fight towne, or lye in trenches
 Or if not so, then learn to loue faire wenches.
 It is a warlike too, when men are trained,
 And eschew this employment wealth is gained.
 Such discipline, such professe must be vsed
 By vs, as those who hostile armes have chisled.
 Some women by their industry and paines,
 The lode of yeres recoures and repaines.
 Times speedy course is by their art conuold,
 They can preferre themselves from seeming old,
 Their amorous pastimes and lascivious playes,
 They shape and fashion many thousand wayes.
 With sundry pleasures they their trade conuine,
 And euerie mornall day devise new tricks.
 They can protho the appetite and please it,
 Conure the spirit up and straine appetise it.
 But these rich taste of sweets which they prepare,
 Women and men should both of euē hands share.
 I hate the bair that yeilds not muuall joyes,
 And than the cause I loue not rugling boyes.
 I hate her deuise that no spirit will yfe,
 Ycelding no more then what she cannot cluse.
 I like not pleasure though I like the beautie,
 Laies of Loue performe not but of duty.
 Dary away, I hauid shot the place,
 Where muuall Louers muuall sweets embrace,
 Let me the myniste of her soft voice haue,
 Whispering her son the plagues in my care,
 To bid me say, then pause, prent, then stay,
 And tured with that, to try some other way,
 Let me beholde her eyen rare up the whiles,
 Now to be rapt, now languish in deligh.

These prodigall pleasures nature hath not given,
 To the first age a little above seauen.
 The wine that from the vntipe grape is press'd,
 Is tart, and fower, the mellow wine taste best
 The palme tree till it haue a well growne rinde,
 Cannot withstand the violence of the wnde.
 The mead new mowne doth vrake the feete that's
 Ignat: that young Mermaid was faire: (bare
 But to prefure the girl before the mother,
 The beauteous Helen neither one nor other
 Can so blasphem: as heres Gorge some adore her
 But who praise her before the Saint that bore her
 Now I suppose ripe frutes I most approue,
 And in my thoughts I coner mellowed loue.
 You bed new rost, behold where it discoures,
 The curuines being drawne to wanter louing
 There stoy my mule, no further now proceed,
 Without thy help they both can speake and speare
 Without thy help his wordes will quickly passe,
 Drawing the Louche and his amorous Lasses
 Without thy help their hands will nimble creep,
 And in each knyghtly place their effow heape
 Lay every finger with a selfe imploying
 To add increase to thy imperfet kyng: (hide,
 Endling those parts where loue his darts dash
 His valiant Helleor with his wife hauing trialed
 Her meane to his of force must yeld,
 His valour was not onely for the helpe
 His stout abilles of his bone deford,
 When with the straunger of his enemies dyed,
 He daught his cushion and wortuld his head:
 To tumble with her on a downe soft budy
 Thou didst reuyue Crise to embrase
 His hauited corpes, and kisse his blodd stained face.
 These

These worldlings mad that did but late embroil
 Themselves in bloudhot Troubles whom they flocked
 Were now employ'd to tickle touch and stroke,
 And thare a lancevin had no point offe scorne,
 Besee me for I speake as I have tasted,
 The sports of Venus are not to be hasted.
 They shold be rather by degrees prolonged
 By too much sped much of the sport is wronged
 When shou by chance hast hit upon the place,
 Which being sought a gile still hide her face
 For beare not though she blushes spring & licker,
 And tumbling shew the many a gambol trickes
 Thou shalt behold her straitely still amaz'd
 Her eyes with a lascivious tincture glazed
 Affording a strange kind of humide light,
 As when the Moone in water shineth by night.
 Let neither amorous words cale their��
 Murmuring whispering sounds of joye warld
 Yea their lewdly sweete contemplacion,
 Eucry word, head and thought that further's spoil
 Let not thy Mistresse to swin is false,
 Nor leas thy self beyond her spred pitchall
 Both keep onesounce, your bane together shal
 Your journeys on them, make your passing
 Together shal at once win to the mire
 You may no question grope it in the dark
 Then is the fulnesse of all sweet content,
 When both at once striue bothe at once are f' p'nt
 Such course obserue when as the time is f're
 And that no jealous dyes attay on alces
 Being sence no future danger neare
 Then thou maist boldly daily without feare
 But if thou beeest not safe, and haft short leasure,
 Doubtfull to be disturbed amidst thy pleasure,

Make then what speed thou canst, vse all thy force
 And chape a sharpe spurre to a iude pack horcse
 My worke is at an end the palme bring me,
 And let the Mrtle garland be my tre
 How much renowned great *Pollidorus* was,
 That all the Greeks in Phisick did surpaſe,
 As famous as great Nestor for his age,
 Or strong Achilles for his warlike rage.
 As much extoll'd as *Calebat* for his charmes,
 Or *Telamonius Ajax* by his arms:
 Asfor his Chariot skill *Astromedon*,
 So great in loue shall I be censur'd on.
 Cannonize me your Poet, give me praise,
 And crowne my Temples with fresh wreathes of
 bayes:

Let this my lard in custy scouth be song,
 And my fame clanger though the who' earth resound
 Give you or me our such god Vulcan framed,
 No great Achilles he his enemies named,
 And so dofe, but what loue he be,
 That by my armes subdues his enemy:
 This Mardonius him gave, to heros Lasse
 In aid my art Master conquer'd was,
 Let aldy young Nestor like will cranc my skill
 They shall be next instruced by my pen.

FINTS.

THE



THE THIRD BOOKE.

ARMS'd at all points, the Greeke to field is gone,
 To encounter with the naked Amazon;
 Behold like weapons in my power remain.
 For the Penthesilea and her traine,
 Go arm'd alike, fight and they overcome,
 Whom sacred Venus fauours and her sonne:
 It were not meet poore natiuo girdles should stand,
 To encounter men provided hand to hand.
 To conquer at such odds were shame for men,
 Oh but loome say, why quid should they pena
 Put poyson into snakes, or gine to keape,
 Vnto the auenous Woole a fould of sheep,
 Oh for some few offendres do not blame,
 All of their Sexe, let not a generall shame:
 For some few falters their whole brood inherit,
 But every one be censured as they merite.
 Although the two Afrides hath their liues,
 Endangered both by falsehood of their wifes;
 Though false Eriphyle her husband sould,
 To Polynes for a chaine of gould:
 Yet did the faire Penelope liue chaste,
 While twice fiue years her royll Lord did walk

In bloudie bates and as many more,
Wandering through every sea and vndeowne shore
So did the chaste *Phyllacides* and she,
That partner of her husbands griefe to be,
Went with him as his page a tedious way;
And in the trauell died before her day:
O happy *Pherecides* thy wife.

From death redeemed thee with her owne life:
Receive me oh you flames did *Iphias* cry.
And with my buried husband let me die,
And with that word she skips into the fire,
All faire endowments that we can desire.
Raigne in a womans breast no marueile there,
They with adorned vertues please vs men:
But these chaste minde & my art injoyeth not,
A softer saile will serue to guide my boare:
Nothin; but wanton loue flowes from my braunes,
How pretty wenches may scape men traines.
A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
But through them both: vnto her sweet heart runn
So will not men, poore girles by them are scote,
Many times men faile, maides sometimes, not oft
False *Iason* left *Medea* and her charmes
To clasp another Mistris in his armes.
as much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay.
So right *Ariadne* was a wofull pray:
To the Sea foules and Monsters left alone,
In a remote place friendlesse and vndeowne,
Many vncertaine waies hath *Phillis* gone,
Being forsaken of her Demone.
And though *Aeneas* had no surname good,
He left his sword to let our Didos bloud:
But what destroy you Ladies can you tell,
You know not how to loose or fassion well.

Your thoughts] to art, Loue arister stands vnsure,
 Art with loue temper'd is strong to endure:
 Nor shold you know it now, but that the Queene
 Of sacred Loue was in my vision seene:
 And straitly charg'd me that I should impart,
 To all the Sex the secret of my art.
 For thus she spake how haue moore maides misdone
 That against armed men must naked run.
 Two books haue giuen men weapons in their hands
 The whilest out fearefull Sex unarmed stands:
 He that rebuk'd *Tberaspes* lewd desire,
 Since song her praises to a sweeter lircs
 Thy selfe examine, canst thou do them damage,
 To whom in time thou shalst perform due homage
 This bauing said she tocke from off her brow,
 A mirrie wreath, for in a mirrie bow,
 Her haire was twisted vp and gaue to me,
 Of leaves and seeds a little quantitie.
 Strait in my braine I felte a power diuine,
 Whilst in the place a purer aire did shine;
 And all the cares that hung vpon my heart,
 Eu'en at that instant I might seele depart.
 My wits at ripeſt, are wenches come thicke,
 Receiue my precepis whilst my wits are quicke;
 First thinke how old age hourcly doth attend
 To steale vpon thee so besure to spend.
 No season idly, thou art young then play,
 Yeares like the running water, glide away
 Thou canſt not stay the flouds it streames so ſaſt,
 Nor pull the houres backe when they are paſt;
 Make uſe of time for time is ſwift and fletter,
 Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet:
 As the firſt pleasure was, haue I not ſcene,
 This now a withered ſtakc once fresh and greene.

From

From that bare thronc within these many hower
 I had a chapter of sweet smelling flowers:
 The time shall come when thou that dost exclude,
 Such louers from thy doores as would intrude,
 Shall on an empty pillow through thy head,
 Stretching thy stiffe limmes on a frostie bed:
 Nor in the night shalt thou be rais'd vp late
 By such as knock and thunder at the gate.
 Nor in the morning when the cocke hath crowed,
 Find porches and threshod with fresh roses strowed:
 Aime how soone doth the cleare coulour fade,
 How quickly wrinckles in thy skin are made.
 Looke on thy looke and thou wilt sadly sware,
 Age hath too soone snowed on thy golden haire:
 Snakes through their age of when they chang their
 skinne,
 Harts when they cast their heads fresh strength
 begin:
 And's giuen to them, when that in age ye grow
 Ye haue no heads to cast no lkins to throw,
 Your good fies helpeles, therefore pluck the flower
 Which being gathered withers in an hower:
 In many childe birth age is quickly crept,
 Fields soone grow leane, that so often creapt.
 You see Endision by the Moone lou'd st. II,
 Nor doth she blush therat and by thy will
 Aurora thou would ever haue the name,
 Of Cephalus thy deare, nor thinkst it shame.
 And to conceale thee Adonire whose hearse
 Venus her selfe hung many a tragicke verse,
 Tell vs by whom you Queen-borne of the sea.
 Had you Aeneas and Hermione.
 Oh mortall generation follow these.
 And practise after them being goddesses:

Do not deny your rauishing pleasures when,
 They are besought you by desirous men.
 Tell me what loose you by it, what thou hast,
 Thou art possest of still, and feelest no want:
 Take thence a thousand sweets be not affraid,
 Thou keepest thy owne, and nothing is decaid.
 Stones are by vise made soft, iron worne to drosse,
 That neuer weares and therfore findes no losse:
 Who will deny vs at a torch being light,
 To light a taper till it burne as bright.
 Or who would striue in their owne power to keepe,
 All the spare billowes in the vastie deepe:
 Yet will a woman pleade her loue is rare,
 And in her plenty she hath nought to spare.
 Oh tell me why so strange a doubt thou mak'st,
 Dost thou but loose the water that thou takest?
 I speake not this to prostrate every one,
 But lest you ea'e vainc losse where losse is none.
 Now greater gusts my swelling saile must straine,
 Being from the shoare new lancht into the maine:
 First with their neatnes I begin, the vine
 Well trim'd and prunde affords vs choise of wines
 And in a field well till'd the corne growestall,
 Shape is the gift of God, none amongst you all,
 But in there shapes take pride, nay there be many
 Proud of their fauour when they scarce haue any.
 Proportion even the greatest number want,
 But rare supplies where nature hath been scanty
 Care makes the face, the face a while neglected
 Will grow to ruine, and be nought respected,
 The Virgins of the old time had this care,
 Their bodies and their beauties to repaires
 Else had the men of former ages spent,
 Their yeares without their wanted ornamente.

If you behold *Andromache* go clad,
 In manly robes, no maruaile, for she had
 A sondier to her husband, if you see
 The wife of *Ajax* iet it valiantly,
 Nor maruaile, for she was his wife that bare.
 A shidle of seauen oxe-heads thick tan'd with haire.
 The world was plaine, simple, and rude of old,
 But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with gold:
 And shines in glory with the bright reflection,
 All the worlds wealth is vnder their subiection.
 Behold the Capitall and thou wilt say,
 In these great *Low* hath choos'd to dwell for aye:
 This gorgeous Court & Counsel house was framed
 Out of meere stubble when king *Latins* raigned.
 These gorgeous Pallaces that against the Sunne,
 Did glitter and shine when they first begun:
 A pasture for draught oxen: let them eafe, (please
 Their thoughts with ancient times whom old times
 I thanke the gods I in this age was borne,
 These times my humour fits, old dayes I scorne.
 Not because gold in the earths vaines are sought,
 Or shels, or stones, frō forraigneshores are brought
 Not because marble from the hills is dig'd,
 Or voyageships to vnuowne seas are rig'd.
 But because rudnesse to the gates is sent,
 And this our age is full of ornament,
 Hinc in your eares bright stones, but not to deare
 Such faues cast vp and are sold you here:
 Neatnesse we loue, your haire in ordre tis,
 To keepe in within Law thy hands applys
 Thy hands mishape keepe still, and by her care,
 Thou maist oreleeme, deformed or wondrous faire
 Nor is there onely one kind of attire,
 The fashion that becomes thee best desire,

Proue euery shape, but ere it current passe,
 See thou before take counsell from thy Lasse.
 A long and leane visage best allowes,
 To haue the haire part iust aboue the browes:
 So *Laedeme ia* surnamed the faire,
 Used when she walk'd abroad to trusse her haire.
 A round plumppe face must haue her trammels tied
 In a fast knot aboue her front to hide:
 The wier supporting it whilst either eare:
 Bare, and in sight vpon each side appeare.
 Yon Ladies locks about her shoulders fall,
 And her loose ware becomes her best of all:
 So *Phæbas* look't when last he toucht his Lute,
 That other Lady doth her habit suite,
 With chaste *Diana* being triekt to go,
 To strike the sauage bore or tameless Roe.
 She when her haire hangs loose hath greatest pride
 This best becomes her when her locks are tyed:
 Yon when her head tire is like a tortoise shill,
 Is roost and rawed well beemes it well:
 More leaues the Forrest yeelds not from the trees,
 More beasts the Alpes breed not, nor *Hibla* bees:
 Then there be fashions of attire in view,
 Euery succeeding day adds somthing new.
 Many beconie their tires best when they weare:
 In stead of spruences a neglected haire:
 And being comb'd but now yet thou shalt say,
 Her haire hath not been ioucht since yesterday.
 Art doth much change, so did *Aciades* see,
 Iolattired, and said this wench is for me,
 So *Innallis*, whom the god of grapes commended,
 When by his shouting *Sa* *Mer* being attended:
 He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind shifted
 With scattered haire her to his coach he lifid.

How much oh natur are we bound to thee,
 That findes for every griefe a remedy.
 And as our shapes and colour suffer croffe,
 Yet thou hast in thee to repaire that losse.
 Say that by age or some great sicknes had,
 Thy head with wanted haire be thinly clad:
 Falling away like corne from ripened sheaues,
 As thicke as ~~green~~ blowes downe *Autum* leaues.
 By Germane yearbes thou maist thy haire restore,
 And hide the bare scalpe that was bald before,
 Women haue knowne this art, and of their crew,
 Many false colours buy to hide the true.
 And multitudes, yea more then can be told,
 Walke in such haire as they haue bought for gold:
 Haire as good Marchandize and growne a trade,
 Markets and publicke traffike thereof made.
 Nor do they blush to cheapen it among
 The thickest number and the rudest throng.
 Nay cuen before *Alcides* sacred flames,
 And in the presence of the vestall Dames:
 To leau their haire, and speake of their attire
 I do not trailes or purfled guards desire.
 Nor roabes of blussh scarlet prized hie,
 Whose wooll is twice dipt in the *Tirian* dyes:
 Looke but abroad and thou maist in a trice,
 Find lighter colours and of farre lesse price.
 Were it not madnesse thou in scorne of lackt,
 Should wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back
 Behold the colour o fthe azur aire,
 When in a cloudles day the skie is faire:
 And the South wind bring on the earth no showers
 As once it did what time one flow devoures.
Phrixus and *Hellis*, such a colour chuse,
 Tis near, and cheape, but costly dyes reuise.

To helpe the
defects of
nature.

That prettie colour intimates the waues,
 And from their sea greene drops a name it craves
 In this the young Nymphes went apparr'l'd most,
 This saffron immitates of no great cost,
 And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,
 That euery morning decks faire Phabus steeds
 Else such a dye as *Paphian miriles* ye cl'd,
 Or purple *Amethistos* or a field:
 Where nothing sau'e the milkewhite roses grew,
 Or of that hew the Thratian Cranes do show
 Let not faire Amarilles wanting be,
 Thy ackhernes cr thy bloomes of *Almond* tree,
 All these of severall colours juice be full.
 And with the severall colours staine the wooll:
 So many sundry flowers at the fresh spring,
 In spight of winters horrid rage doth bring.
 To decke the earth with full so many hues.
 The thirstie earth doth drinke and none refuse.
 Mongst which faire women out of your affections,
 Choose them that shall become best your comple-
 She that is browne let her attire be white, (Sior. s:
 Briseus ware a Robe of colour light.
 When she was rauisht others that are faire,
 Let their attires be black as *Sables* are,
 Swarlike *Andromed* ware a milk whiue smoake,
 When she was tied halfe naked she rocke.
 Lest you be scene so let no ranknes grow,
 Betwixt you armes and sholders let none shew.
 Of rough and ragged hairs there may appeare,
 Upon your legs and thighs but not so neare:
 I do not teach young maidis by *Caucase* bred:
 Or such as drink of *Rissus* but in sted
 Of barbatus tuis to you braue girlis of *Rome*,
 Do I direct my phale, and to your dome.

fide;
 attire
 their
 Williams,

I now instruct you then your teeth to thin,
 Lest in their vse some furdnes they do get:
 To wrince your mouthes in water you haue wit,
 To apprehend my wouds betimes to sic.
 And in the morning take away the slime,
 Which makes the white teeth subiect to such crime
 Let such whose blouds are blacke and swart,
 Whom nature reds not, make them red by art:
 Art likewise fills the wrinkles in the browes,
 A skinne of died red leather art allowes,
 To rub your faces with, nor hold it shaine,
 To kindle in your eyes a sparke of flame,
 It may be done with saffron, which like corne,
 Grows near bright *Cyduas* wheras thou went borne
 I haue a little booke in substance small,
 And yet a worke of weight writ to you all.
 The Treatise is vnto your generall graces,
 How you by art may best preserue your faces:
 You whose rare beauies hane receiu'd a scar,
 Seeke thence your helps, receipts there written are
 You may therē find how to restore your bleouds.
 My art was never idle to your goods.
 Beware leit that by chance your boxes lye
 Vpon the table, and your Loues palse by:
 Throw them aside, art spreads her salest net,
 When she is with most cunning counterfeit.
 Spill not thy drugs alike in every place,
 They will offend such as behold thy face,
 Corrupting the beholder wi:th such motion,
 As should he see thy garments stand with lotion,
 How doth the greasie franck woolls smell offend,
 Though we for it as far as *Athens* send,
 Yet is it good for vse, not before men,
 Use thou Deares marrow good for medicenes:

*To keepe
their teeth.*

Chee kes.

Nor

Nor before men in presence rub thy teeth,
 They both are good, yet harsh to him that seeth,
 Many things which in doing we detest,
 Being once done they oft times please vs best:
 These stately pillars in iron caru'd and wrought,
 Were a confused rocke, this ring now brought,
 To that good forme, was once vnfashioned ore,
 The costly cloth thou wast a rough sheepe bore
 The curious pictur of faire *Venus* was,
 Before the cutting an vnpolishit masse.
 Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee sleeping,
 Thy hand, thy boxe, thy glasse their office keeping:
 Why should I know how thou art gro wne so faire,
 Shut fast the forge where beauties ioyned are.
 For many things there be men should not know,
 The greatest part of them if you should shew.
 They should offend them much spare not to shroud
 The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
 The golden ensignes yender spreading fare,
 Which wafts them to the gorgeous Theater:
 See what thin leaues of gold foile guilde the wood,
 Making the colums scene all maffe good:
 Yet are the audience of all sight debarred,
 Untill the shoures and lights be full prepared:
 So in thy preparation marke this note,
 Still make thee ready in a place remote:
 Yet sometimes if they head be wondrous faire,
 Euen before men tis good tocombe thy haire,
 The haire a beauty hath which much besots,
 Being tyed and wreathed in pleats & comely knots,
 But be not tedious in thy art applying,
 Be quick both in the fasting and vntying:
 Still when thou goest to dresse thy selfe be safe,
 I hate those sullen peccish things that chase

At euery idle crosse, who scrath and bite,
 And with their nailes and bodkins pinch and fight:
 Wounding themselues in anger, rending, tearing,
 The wires, the tires, the ruffes which they be wea.
 She that is badly haired, let her before (ring,
 She dresse her selfe, set watch still at the doore,
 Vpon the suddaine 'twas my chance one day,
 To presse into the place where my sweet hart laye
 When wondring she vnwares was thrust vpon,
 Snatch vp her haire, and put the wrong side on.
 Like cause of shame let come vnto my soc,
 And such disgrace vnto the Parthians go?
 A scalded breast, fields that no grasse will beare,
 Trees without leaues, and heads that haue no haire
 Are odious to the eye none of you three,
 Europa, Leda, or faire Seneca.
 Were fablet to his want or me did need,
 The helpe of Playfiche in this point to reed;
 Nor Hellen thou whom with aduancement depees
 Menelaus askes; the Troiane still doth keepe:
 The wanton wenches in full troopes passe hither,
 Good, bad, faire, foule, of all sortis flocke together,
 And come to be instructed amongst which
 Oft times the faire be poore the soule be rich.
 And yet the fairest haue of me litle need,
 Heirs beuatie is a dower that doth exceed
 By precepts farre, the sea being calme and cleare,
 The secure Seaman all his sailes may beare.
 But when it swells and is disturb'd apart,
 The troubled Pilot must try all his art,
 Of euery little mole be thou not squeamish,
 'Tis hard to finde a face that hath no blemish.
 Yet shalt thou seek to hide the least disgrace,
 Either in tho proportion or thy face.

A Lesson for Dwarfs.

Remedy for
them that
he leaves.

Pale.
Black.
play foot.

P. flender.

*subbed
ands.
tinkering
mathes.*

redrooted.

If thou beest ihort thy stature hide by w^te,
Still sit, lest standing thou beest tooko to fit.
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed:
Lest that thy stature there be measured:
Loue Dwarfes, obserue my words I hold it meet,
To haue some garment throwne vpon thy feet;
She that is wearish and no clothes can fill,
Her double plated gowne must fit by fyll.
To make her portly whilste a robe vnbound,
From her two shoulders falls vnto the ground,
She that is pale, with purple staine her cheeke
She that is blacke the fish of Pharees seekes.
A splay mishapeen foote in white shoes hide
And let dried legs were a rich garter tider
Let such whose shoulder blades stand much in sig
Weare boulster'd gownes to make them seeme v
About a faint and slender body weare. (rig
A flannell swathbend or warmo stomacher,
Such whose fat hands are itchy in the ioynt,
Wh^t they discourse let them not vse to point, (sti
You that haue stinking breathes must not speak
But helpe them selues by some good breakfast tak
Else chew a cloue the strength of it to breake,
Or keepe so ne distance of still when you speake
Or if thy teeth in wide vnaeven rank^s grow,
Or be they gag'd, black or too great in shew:
Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing shewes the teeth
Who would beleue this, wonder yet 'tis true,
Maides may be taught to laugh and to eschew
Vncomely mouthes and harsh tricks of the face,
In laughing is much uncomelines and grace:
Be moderate in thy fearing, there's a feate,
To be obseru'd in that make not to great.

The hallow pitsmirth digs in every cheeke,
 To hide thy gummes let both thy red lips meet.
 Nor do thou stretch thy entrailes by constraining,
 Thy selfe vnto loud laughter neithir taining.
 A more familiar gesture with voice flat,
 Sound out a wemanish noise I knew not what.
 Looke but on them that with loud yalling force,
 Anticke and perverse faces what shewes worse
 And there is such a coile with wry mouthes kept,
 That whē they laugh, a man would swear they wept.
 Many with vntun'd clamor hoaree and flatill,
 Ball as the slow Asse bayes out of the mill,
 What cannot art? women are taught to weepe,
 And in their looks a sober forme to keepe
 To shape their eies according to their passion,
 Both at what time they please, and in what fashion
 Is there not grace in haping to be scound,
 To give true words a forged imperfect sound
 Robbing the tongue his office in some part
 Even in deprauing words is sometimes art
 Say that by my words my meaning scan,
 I taught to speake less perfect then they can.
 ough these my words according to their worth,
 And thē being cond take other lessons forth;
 Come now with wemanish pace to vle your gate,
 Every step there is a kinde of state
 There is their ought that yet my art discouers,
 Which with more violence drawes or drives backe
 Hold you Ladies gate the rest ou strips, (louers
 With what cunnning she doth meue her hipps
 And in the pride of steps how the cold wind
 Rows her loose vaines before her and behind
 Is like the blushing wife of Vember paceith,
 Her full viewed legs at every stride she graces.

How to
weepe.

How to
lape.

To goe.

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
 Others a moderate pace doth best become:
 As far as where the armes and shoulders parts,
 Appearst thou bare to wound the amorous hart,
 Of wanton youthes, this fash'on vnderstand,
 Longs to the faire, not such whose skins be tann'd.
 Such flights ere now haue made me I protest,
 To kisse her necke, her shoulders and her breast,
 The siren's are Sea-monsters, whose sweet noise
 Draws to their tunes the wandering ships and boates:
 And if their eares with wax they do not stop,
 They are charm'd to leape vp from the hatches top.
 Song is a faire endowment, a sweet thing,
 A praisfull gift then woman learn to sing,
 Hard fauord girles by songs haue wonne such graces.

Their sweet shrill tonges haue prou'd bands to their faces.

Sometimes rehearse a speech brought from the play
 Or else peruse some poeme in thy way.
 Of Musick I would haue thee know the skill,
 With thy right hand to v'e a Rebecks quill.
 Or with thy left a harpe when *Orpheus* plaid,
 The beasts, & trees, and stones to dance he made:
 And in his way to hell no fiend durst stirre,
 Nor tartar power, nor triple headed Curre.
 Thou that so iustly do thy mother punish,
 Didst by thy Musick skill the world astonish:
 In those sweet walkes that were by Musick rear'd,
 By euery touch sweet harmony is heard:
 The armed Dolphin is by nature muse,
 Yet did he lift *Arion* to thy Lute.
 Learne Musick then and hope to play vpon,
 The double handed sweet *Psaltirion*.

Reade Poetrie the works of *Couſe ſeeke*,
 Or great *Callimachus* that writ in Greekes
 The laboured lines of *Bacchus Poet ger*,
 Read what *lasciuious Sapho* else both writ.
 For what more wanton workes then *Sapho ſuice*,
 See what delight to the *Propor tuis* gluess
 Or if thy further leasure ſerue thee looke,
 In *Gallus* workes, or in *Tibullus* booke.
 Or *Varro* that of *Pbrixus* and his neece,
 The Legend writ, and of the golden fleece:
 Or read *Aeneas* banishment from *Troy*,
 Th' originall of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enjoy:
 No bookes more famous, hapbly to my grace,
 Some one may ſay thou *Ouid* haſt a place.
 Amongſt the rest thou and thy lines may ſound,
 To aftertimes, not be in *Setbe* drown'd.
 Some one may ſay per chance our Master read,
 The booke he laſt drew with a double head
 Or those three bookes which he *Amor um* calls,
 Excitulng ibem of loue which of them falls,
 Into thy handling firſt that do thou chooſe,
 And louingly my louing lines perufe,
 Or with a compoſd voice my *Cantons* ſing:
 The vſe of theſe *Loues* miſtris firſt did bring
 To other yet vñknownnc oh *Phæbus* graunt,
 Graunt this you gods whom ſacred Poets haunt,
 With their oblations, grant theſe powers deuine,
 Thou god of grapes, and you oh Muses nine:
 Who doubts but I would haue you learne to dance
 Measure and Galliards ſhall your name aduance,
 Commandid your armes and hands that they agree,
 Vnto the motion of the foote and knee.
 In mouing of the body hand and ſide,
 The commicke Actor cannot take more pride.

To game.

Not vs more art the comelinesse of either,
 Concurres, and I compare them both together
 Learn ethriall sports, but oh your Poer shames,
 To bid y^e vs be experienç'd in some games.
 Yet long they to my art then be not nice,
 To learne to play at cockall or at dice:
 How to cast lots and chances which to guesse,
 To play at draughes at tables or at chesse
 To use a racket or to tolle a ball,
 At set game, or at that we bandy calls
 To passe the night at balliards till eleauen,
 At pickapandie, cards, or odd or euen,
 Play prepares loue, your skill is not so needfull,
 As ought to be your looks and carriage heedfull,
 Your greatest cunning is with art to frame,
 The gesture and the countenance in your games
 Game makes vs earnest if we play with care,
 Then with our open thoughts our breasts lie bare
 And straite we brawle and scold a grieuous staine,
 Oh these be monstros faults to chide and raille,
 Or to blasphem the Gods when our lucke faile:
 To vow to swaue, with protestations deepe
 And in the heate of play to frefet or weepe,
 Great I^e him selfe from you such crimes expell.
 Who couet suitors and to please them well
 Natures these triuall sports to woman lends
 A freer scope of pastimes she extends,
 By much vnto vs men, for so we may
 Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the football play
 Vault, ride, and teach the horse to trot the ring,
 Frequent the Fenceschoole, practise armes, leape
 Nor can you march or muster on the sea, (spring
 Or like the Merchant yeawer go to sea:

Walk may you sometimes vnder Pompeys shade,
 To Phœbus pallace to the place was made:
 For nouall triumph to the Memphis tawne
 To the goatfield where chariots are still drawne.
 To the warre bleeding alter, some preferr
 Before all these the three braue Theatres:
 Thus couet to be seen, ynseen, vnproud,
 What is not viewed and knowne, cannot be lou'd.
 What profit were it to haue beautious beynge
 If my admyred face were never seen:
 Say you more stilde in shapnes then Orpheus were,
 Or Thamiras, such if men cannot beare.
 How shoulde your musick please; Apelles painted,
 Venus in Coss else her fame had fainted,
 And died in Lethe, he redēem'd her name,
 What hunt the sacred Poets for but fame.
 Onely for fame their labouring spirits they send,
 Of all the vowes fame is the scope and end.
 But see what alterations rude times bring,
 Poets of old were the right hand of Kings.
 Large were their gifts, supreame was their regard,
 Their meeted fames with fear and reverence heard,
 Honour and state, and sacred maiestie,
 Song'd to such as studied poētry:
 Thus by Scipio that great man was sought,
 And from the mountaines of Calabria brought.
 Honourēd now the Iuy garland Iyes:
 The ancient worship done to Poets dyck.
 But we should stirre our owne fames to awake,
 For a living lasting worke did make:
 Minerva call'd, else who had Homer knowne,
 Danas in her tower an old wife growne,
 Never vnto publicke view resorted,
 Had her beauty being so faire reported.

*The dignitie
of Poets.*

You that applause would for your beauties win,
 Be oft abroad, and keepe not too much in;
 At the full foldes the she Wolfe seekes her pray,
 Though amongst all the steales but one away,
 Ioues bird the Eagle when the soare a most high,
 To seize on fowle doth at the Couy fly.
 Frequent you faire ones, where men may you see,
 Mongst many one best part will fancy thee
 In every place where thou shalt hap to sit, (gen
 Loose none by frownes whom thou by smiles maist
 The bow of Cupid neuer stands vnbent,
 And clyentumes things fall by accident.
 Be thou prepar'd, hang always out thy hookes;
 For in that it: cam where thou no fish wouldst look
 A fish by chance may bite, oft haue I seen
 The wading hound range where no game bat
 And harn that scaps the chale whē no man misseth
 Fall in the toyles ar d there the keeper findes them
 What hope hadst thou *Anatome* being bound,
 Vnto a rocke a louer to haue found:
 Being prepar'd for death beset with scares,
 Blubbed thy checks, thy eye quite drownd in teare
 At buriall of one husband well I wot,
 Another husband hath been oft times got,
 Weeping for him that's lost, may hap to grace thee
 And in the holome of a second place thee,
 But in your choyle especially beware,
 Of such effeminate men as stanch their haire.
 Prank vp them selves who lispe and cannot leane
 Loue compleint and use no smell of Civill
 They haue a thousand loues what they protest,
 To that they'll do as ynto all the rest,
 Unstaide summe, and what will women say,
 When in their thoughts men are more light then
 Sca

Scarce will they credit me, and yet this true,
 They had yet Roode, and I am note in view,
 Had every thing beene swalld as Prisme foake,
 But good advise they leue, fond counsell take.
 There are who vnder shew of loue to fame,
 And by such passage lecke dishonour paines
 Let no mans haire deceite with powders sweete,
 Nor studded girdles which are short and smotter
 Nor these fine womens coates, a sightly shing,
 Nor that each finger beares a golden ring.
 Perhaps who in this kinde most gallant goes,
 In a close cheeke, and loues nought but your clothies
 Some Maids thus roab d, so loud cry for their owne
 That all the towne and country heares their moane
 Venus whose golden thines at *Apian* stand,
 And *Pallas* laugh a good thesse sirifes in hand:
 There are some Maides to sure but of bad fame,
 Who oft deceiu'd are thought to vs the same.
 On leare by others plaints to heare your owne,
 Ope not your ears to men whose frauds are knowne
 Beleeue not *Theses* *Athens* though he sweare,
 The gods can heare no myte then they heare.
 And thou *Demophon* *Theses* falsehood haire:
 Phis deceipte stories trust by speeche's faire,
 If men make promises then maides make you
 If men performe, performe your viu'd ioyes too,
 Now he come nearer, Male, take fassher hold.
 Nor looke thy sca the wheele though twifly rold
 Men frame them, set vniuersall vbowes some else where
 Let loue hard take their counte, for it were fayre
 Look on them, read them, & the words then gather
 Whether he fauoritnes intirely rather:
 After some while write backe to me by eyg
 Inflames a letter, so no tedious stage.

Lovers of
 loyalty in
 many.
 Seuerall
 passages

Shew not the plaine, to the youth denles,
 Nor yet denie him what by suete he plies
 Let him both feare and hope by enerie letter,
 Be his remedie, his hope comes suete and better,
 Be your phrase pure, but common, vsuall words,
 In speech the plainest stile best grace affords;
 Full oft ambiguous words loue so misplace,
 And a soule tongue hath burt a beautious face;
 But since althoough you yet not married be,
 To go beyond vs men that care take ye,
 By maides or some knowne lad your letters send.
 And so no strange young man tokens commend.
 I haue seene some maides so terifide with this,
 That ene after they were slaues I wisse,
 Faithleffe he is who keepeſ ſuch tokenes backe.
 And burns like fire till heope the packe
 Trust me, we may wuth fraud quite fraud againc,
 From force to shield, from forge the lawes maintaine
 One made muſt vſe her ſelte to many hands
 Ill might he ſped whose ſhifts this rule commands
 Deface the old ſcale when you do reply,
 And to one writing but one hand apply.
 Subſcribe your letters thus, thine in all loue,
 Be his, as he was yours, this art approue,
 If from ſmall things we may to greater go,
 And in our ſhip ſpread our full ſaile to show.
 It longs to beauty to haue manners milde,
 Sweete pace his women, firſte rage ſauage wilde.
 Rage twells the face, the vaines makes blacke with
 The ſies blaſe ghastly like ſell Go gars brood(blood
 Away quoth me I prize not feature ſo,
 Pallas ſhould view her face, where waters flow:
 And ſhould you looke your anger in your glaſſe,
 You wold ſcarce diſcern your viſage whose it was.

Pride,

Nor do we leesse blame proud and loue losker
Gentle and humble eies are Cypias hooches
We men do hate shis ouer-weenning pride,
Shew in the silent face, trust him hath tride.
View him view's you, if men then women smil'd
Signes made to you make signes, 'twill men beguile
Thus whiles he playcs before with headles part
Clype hath after wounded to the heart
We hate men said Ajax. Tremesse take,
We merrie Greeks blith wenches sweethearts make
Andromache. Tremessa all your state
Could not moue me to chuse you for my mate
Take gifts of rich men who do law profitic
Give him no fee, he his client, need the lesse
We that make verie, let us send onely verse
Our hearts are pliant, whose loues ha done
We spread abroad sweet beautic lasting praise
We Nemesis, we Cambeas honour take
The East and West land knew lou'd Lycus
And many aske who our Cormins is
Besides we Poets from all frauds are free
And forward manners by our Poetic
Nor honour vs, nor loue of money please
We flignt our games for primacie and easie
Soone are we caught, our loues burn fierce & bold
And where we loue we know so well to hold
So tir we, so fisen nature by mocke and flie
And as our studies, so our loues take parcs
In fauour Maidens, a blest Poets will
Faueus power we haue, the Muses evinc vs still
God is in us we commisce with loue
The spirit in vs booke your bright stars doth moue
To louke for money from vs what a crime
And yet no Maides do feare it in our time.

Poet.

At first be borne no eager, faine beware,
 A boone clouer shibbs an open snare:
 Nor do we rule a horse new broke to backe,
 With the same rame as he that's skild to racket.
 To catch one Maid in yeare, and a briske swaine
 Must not one way, may not one ccurse be taime
 Hec's rude, and in Jones tents nere scene before,
 Who as a new pray touch'd thy chamber doore.
 Who knows no Maid but thee, non esse wold know
 This cornt would be highteneed that it may grow
 If one, he is thy owne, no riuall frowne,
 Two things admits no mate, Loue and a Crown
 That ancient souldiers wife and louly loue,
 And much that younger scorns his weekly prove:
 He'll breake no posts, nor burne with furious fire
 Nor scratch his mistris soft cheekes in his ire,
 He'll teare no clothes, his Loue nor his owne
 Nor shall his horne haire giue him cause of mony
 These things fits youthes, whose loue as age is hot
 This beares harsh wounds gently as they were not
 Old men burne lofely like a torch that's drie,
 As woods from heath cut downe when first they
 Old mens loue fare, youll shott but fruitfull mad
 Maides pluck those fruities beynnes, beynnes white
 Lay yecld vp all, ope the gates to our foes. (tade
 That faith from hundrethe treasure once may flow
 What s. easie granted, long loue cannot feede
 Deniall seeth our spouts must oft proccede
 Let them walke at the gate cry truell core,
 Do humbly much, but in their threats much more
 We loath their sweets, bitter loue makes hem new
 The winde oft drown d the ship by which it fier
 Tis this makes men their wifes to slight so full
 They are ready pitcled when cre their husband wi





at the Maides run and cry we are vndone,
I
and hide the factred you thill feare be gone
it spore him midst these feares lest he misprise,
our night's not so much wort such feares should
ad like to passe by what art to deceiue.

(cuse

ur husband and thy keeper to beraue
tues feare your husbands, who must keepe you in
is firme by law right modestie hath him.

To deceive
the most
watchfull
keepers

rt to be kept whom late reuenge hath wrought,
ho can endure to avoid these meanes be thou hta
many keepe thee as had Argos eyes,

thou wilt out thou shalt defeate with lyes

ull say your keeper doth withstand to write

the water for your selfe what tyme you might,

hat can the keeper when the Cities fill,

t places aud Maides see horses run that will,

hen she will, a maide complaines her head,

nd faining sick, hides home she will in beds

then the false key tells plainelie what is done,

nd to her chamber are more waies then one.

sides a keeper may be fox with wine,

rest from the grapes of Spaine, and so made hime

nd there be drugs, which can cause a sound sleep,

nd shut the eies fast drenche in Lethe deepe,

you know Maides to May quicklie finde some way

long made sports to hold him in clay.

ut what need I for to go farre ab ut,

Then one small gift may buie the keeper out,

lets trust me do appease both gods and men,

gifts euuen loue is pleased now and then.

hat do the wise since fooles in g. fits delight,

ice, and the husband sayes noug, say he might

ast bought thy keeper once hes thine for euer,

the helpe he once affords heele faille thee never.

I blam'd company now it comes to minde,
The hars by it not men alone do finde.
Believe me, other Maides thy ioyes may taste,
And others with thee hunt the Hare as fast,
The wench that sweepes the chamber makes the bed
With sports of loun hath more then once bin sped
Let not your waiting Maides be ouer faire,
Their Mistris place by them supplyed are.
Where run I Madman, naked against my foe,
And ope those ports that may me overthrow?
The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,
The Harts teach not the dogs to run & shake them,
Looke too't that need my taske Ile do indeed,
Though 'tis to lend a sword to make me bleed:
'Tis easie to make vs think we are beloued,
Their faith which to desire is quickly moued:
Smile louely on a youth, figh from your barte,
Aske why he comes so late, a pretty art. (loue,
Shed some few tears, taine grief for some cloie
And teare your haire as doth your passion moue,
He is overcome straite, perty he will take,
And say his care is onely for my laks:
If he be spruce, and looke faire in the glasse
He'll thinke the gods loue him, let not this passe
Who cretous art be not thy worth so strong.
Nor rage not ouer much, hath he done wrong?
Trust not too soone what art is in this case,
Practis may be example haue you grace,
Neare to Hymete hill a holy well,
And a moist ground thick graft the ancients telli
The wood, but vnderwood about this land.
The Crab tree, Rosemarie, Bay, Mistle stand.
The thicke leau'd boxe, the Tamarinde so small,
Low shrubs, nest Pinca, ther do their nests grew all

The

The Hymete
Practis.

The description
of Hy-
mene.

The gentle Westwind and the healthfull aire,
 Blow all thole leaues & grasblads which are therer
Cephalus loued rest, his hounes and men forgone,
 Weary in youth this ground oft sat vpon
 And thus he singes, thou which doft lay my heart,
 Age, my breast come gentle aire and beat.
 One ouer dutious told his fearfull wife,
 These words she heard, and so began the strifer
Procris who for a trumpet tooke his care,
 Fell downe much moued with a fuddaine feare,
 Looke how the vineleafe which you last gathered,
 She lookt so pale, or far more paler rather:
 And the ripe Quine-tree which doth bend his bows
 Or dog-tree fruite, which none for meate allowes,
 Come to her selfe, her garments quite shote,
 From of her breast, and made her breast all gore,
 And without stay in rage and hast she goe,
 Her haire about her necke like *Bacchus* frost
 Being near the place, her mate the leaues behynd,
 Steals slyly to the wood no feare in mind.
 'Tis thus thou thinkest now, who this sire should be
 And her dishonest tricke thine eie shall see:
 Her coming shames her now, she would not take her
 Yet now she's glad she's come, loue doubtfull makes
 The name, the place, the signe all these agree,
 And what the mind fears, that it thinks to be,
 seeing the graise so by some body prest.
 Her trembling heart knockt at her tender breast:
 Now the Mid-day had made the shadowes shori,
 The euening and the morne of equall ports
 Young *Cephalus* returns vnto the wood
 And cooles his face with water as he stood.
Procris standy close, on the grafte he laies him fair,
 And cries aloud, blow west windes, come sweet aire

So soone as she had heard the cronious name,
 Her mind and her true colour to her came,
 She rises, with her body the lesues shake,
 In mind to Cephalus her way to take:
 He thought it some wilde beast, snatch vp his bow,
 His arrow in his right hand wont to show.
 What dost thou wretch, 'tis no best, stay thy dart.
 Alas, thy arrows pierce a womans heart:
 She cry's out, thou hast stroke thy louing breast,
 Vpon this place thy wounds haue euer rest.
 I dye before my time, not wring'd in loue,
 This earth made me suspect thee light to prove,
 Aire take my breath, thee I did mistrust.
 I dye, close thou my eyes, lay me in the dust.
 She ended speech and life, and falling down,
 Her husband takes her last breath from the ground.
 He beares his dying loue in wofull armes,
 And wailes with tears so strange and deadly harmes
 But let vs backe, I see I must be plaine,
 At the lost hauen that our ship may againe,
 You looke now to be brought vnto a cast.
 And that we teach you here as in the rest:
 Come late, but comely brought in by night.
 Thou shalt be welcome, so delay hath might.
 Though thou be blacke thou shalt seeme fair to all
 The night will hide thy faults both great and small
 Eate neately with your fingers art commands,
 Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.
 Eat not to long, leau'e you would to bear,
 More then thou well canst do, t his counsell heart.
 Were Hellen greedy Paris woul' her hate:
 And say my rape is foolish out of date,
 To drinke is comely: and more fit for you,
 Bacchus doth well with Venus, this is true,

my maides
 aff' vnhau'e
 an' tyes
 meate.

Drinke





he, but yet no more then you well can' bear
 what is one, let it not in apperes
 shamefull thing to see a woman drunke,
 tha one is fit to be each base knaues punke.
 is it safe to sleep the tables drawne,
 wh shamfull things haue in your sleep bin sawne
 shame to teach you more, yet Diou layet.
 me is the chiefest abiett of these layet
 ch know your selues as you your bodies see,
 frame your lying in form that it may be.
 hole face is beautous she must lye vpright
 hole backe is best that still must be in sight
 dantes thighes vpon his shoulders wore
 nation be there best, shew thee the more.
 Maides must ride, behauis was long what long
 ere late on Hectors horse her pride among
 ho hath a long side, which shad haue in eye
 her bend to her knetes her necke awry
 hse hidden parts haue not a fault or spot,
 euer sidelong pray forer it not.
 or think it a disgrace your haire to loose,
 nd then thy necke cast backward still to choose
 ou that art ragged close and couered lye.
 ud from meus sight like the swift Paribian fly:
 ou hath a thousand wayes most void of pride,
 To lie halfe vpright on the righer side.
 ellas, T. ipos, nor horrid Ammon say,
 or th' more true then what are in our Jay:
 there betruth in art got by long vse,
 cleue and trust, you'll finde it in our muse.
 aids see you loue vs men, plucke from the root,
 ne thing may help you and need to boot: (sweet
 easse not faire words. cease not clole whispeing
 and wanton wrods must with your spoils clmeet.

And

Gestures in
lying.

And thou who nature hath bard loues quickseno
Faine pleasant ioyes though the things be fro
thence.

Vnhappy Maide to whom that place is dull,
Which with a man and woman should be full.
Yet when you faine, beware, let none else know
For feare thy esture or thy eies may shew it:
What helpest the speech and shewes the breath is
That part hath secrets, shame would hide it still,
Who seekes a man after enjoyment straight,
Louing a gift would not her prayers had weight:
Ope not your windowes wide to take in light,
Much in your bodies rather fits the night,
Our sport is done, 'tis time the swaines depart,
Which on their necks as yoaks haue drawn our
As Men before, say Maides, when ye preuaile,
Ouid our master was, his hart our failc,

FINIS.

